

ORAL SEX TIPS TO BLOW YOU AWAY & STEAMY COED EXPLOITS

PENTHOUSE

LIFE ON TOP 
U.S. EDITION

2008

Pet of the Year

ERICA ELLYSON

DANNY BONADUCE
Unleashed

MODERN CON MAN'S
Best Scams

Curvy Crime Writer
CHRISTA FAUST

NEVER MIND THE OSCARS!
The Dirty Dozen Movie Awards & the
11 Freakiest Females in Film

Find the Perfect
ONE-NIGHT STAND

ADAM CAROLLA'S Hammer

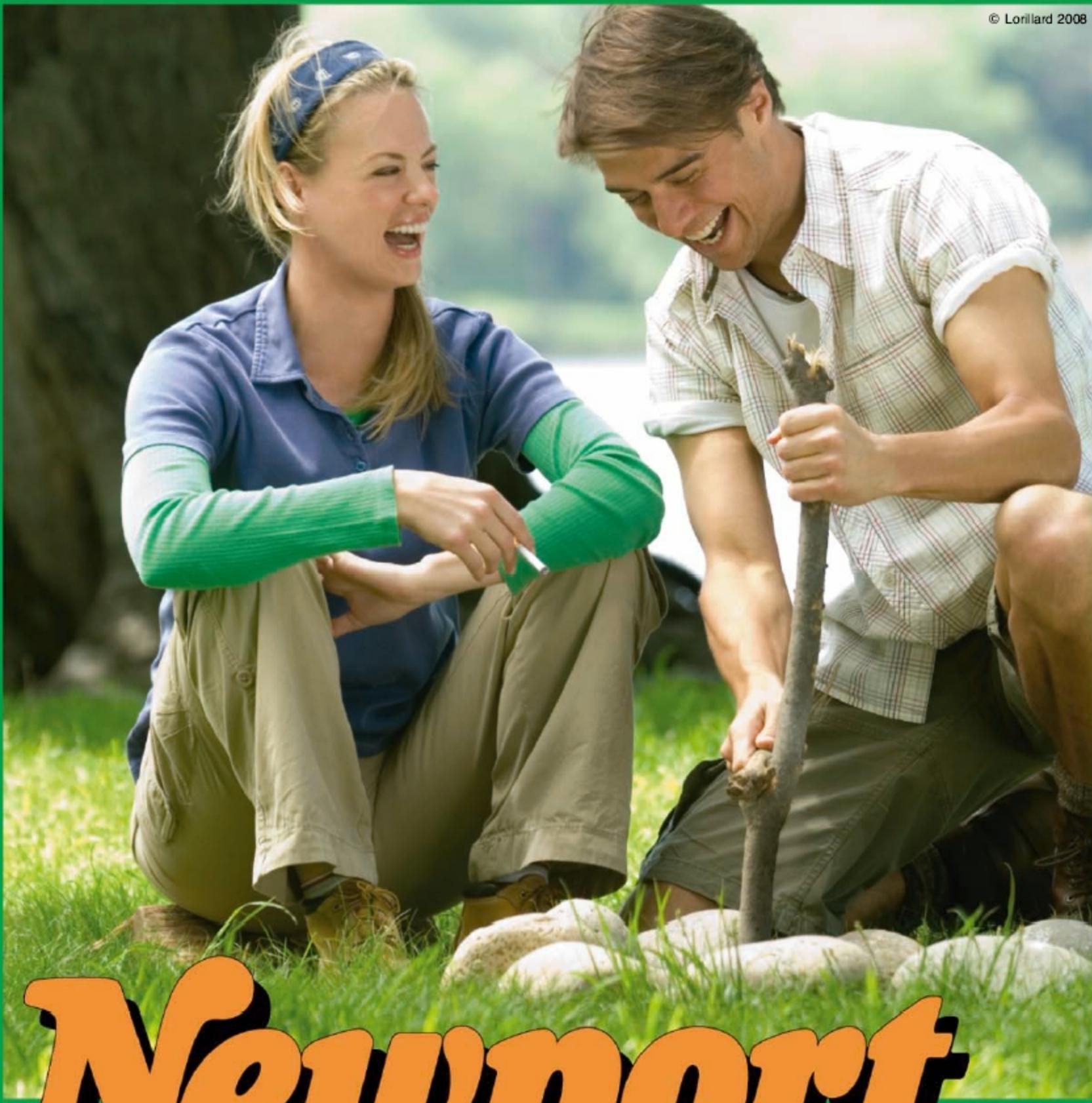


PENTHOUSE.COM \$8.99
MARCH 2008

03>

08





Newport pleasure!

Visit us at newport-pleasure.com

Restricted to Adult Smokers 21 or Older.

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.

Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Box: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



Contents 3/2008



Q

On the
Cover

Erica Ellyson,
flanked by our
"Show Girls,"
Sammie and
Charmane

PICTORIALS

42 Southern Comfort

2008 Pet of the Year
Erica Ellyson

72 Coming Up Roses

Pet of the Month
Bree Olson

94 Show Girls

Sammie and Charmane

110 Stack the Deck

Gina Novak

126 Blonde on Blonde

Diana and Marlie

FULLFRONTAL

11 Flicks

Wicked Women, the
Second Annual Dirty Dozen
Awards, and reviews

16 Sounds

Shelby Lynne, Moby, the
Raveonettes, and more

22 Joystick

Condemned 2, Lost,
Mario Kart, and more

24 Reads

Comedy at the Edge,
Duma Key, Lush Life,
and more reviews

26 Sirens

Crime novelist
Christa Faust

LIFE ON TOP

31 Pour House

St. Patrick's Day drinks

32 Tech

Portable hard drives

34 Freewheelin'

Honda CBR1000RR

36 Driving Force

Audi R8

38 Pet Peeves

40 Scoundrel

Contents 3/2008



54



32

FEATURES

54 Danny Bonaduce
Lucky for us, this self-destructive star doesn't know when to shut up. By Chauncé Hayden

62 Bachelor Party Redux
This new DVD original injects a double-D cup of raunch into the sex comedy classic. By Daniel Nemet-Nejat

66 The Modern Con Man
How the con-man lifestyle comes in handy, both at your job and after you've punched out

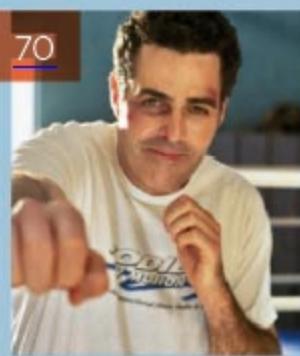
70 A Gift for Jabs
Adam Carolla has conquered TV, radio, and animation. Now he's trying his hand at a feature film. By John Bolster

88 Spy Games
How to stay under the radar of technology trackers

104 Boink: College Sex by the People Having It
Erotic essays by horny coeds

120 Blow by Blow
Chelsea Summers reveals her love of deep-throating.

137 Dear Dr. Z
Find the perfect one-night stand



DEPARTMENTS

4 Forum

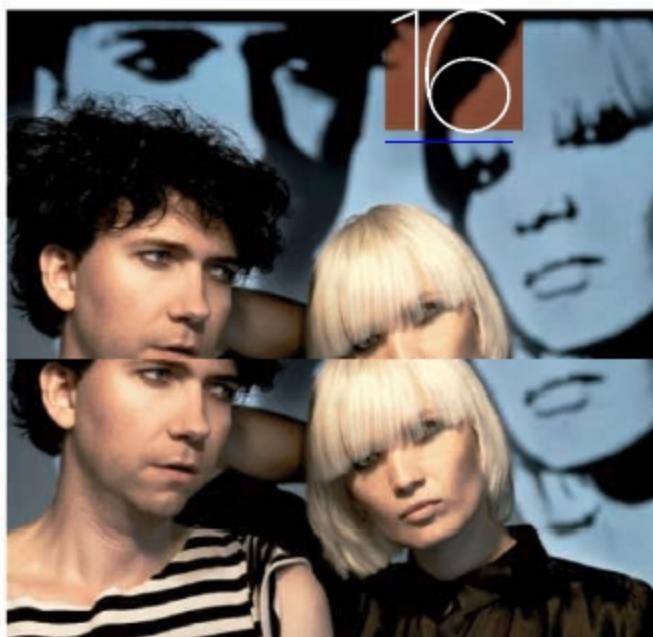
58 Gametime

92 Stand-Up Guys

124 Penthouse Books

140 X-Rated Video

150 Past Perfect



16



So much for soy's wholesome reputation.

3 VODKA
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT
BY NUMBER



Hot Lunch

About six months ago, my girlfriend called me at work and asked if I could come home for lunch. I knew what that meant. The last time Jackie offered to make lunch for me, I never made it back to the office. This time she was supposed to be out shopping with her friend Robin, but I wasn't about to pass up what might turn out to be another X-rated lunch break. If Jackie had something planned, I could always call the office and say I felt like I was coming down with something and was taking the rest of the day off.

I wasn't surprised when I arrived home and Jackie greeted me at the door in a black mesh teddy. What stopped me in my tracks, though, was the sight of her shopping pal, Robin, standing next to her in the exact same teddy. I was seeing double and loving it! Jackie and Robin are beautiful women, and I've always wanted to get my hands on Robin's huge tits.

"So, girls, what's for lunch?" I asked, sure I already knew the answer.

"Robin and I thought we'd jump ahead to dessert," Jackie said. "Are you okay with that?"

"Absolutely!" I was so excited I could barely contain my cock, which felt ready to rip through my pants! Jackie had once told me that if she ever had the chance to have sex with another girl, she'd want it to be Robin, so the idea of seeing them together was almost enough to make me come right there. Oh, yeah—this was definitely going to be a long lunch!

They led me to the bedroom and

I pulled Jackie to her knees and drove into her from behind, stroking deep and hard as she worked on Robin.

told me to sit while they took off my shoes and clothes. I admired their recent lingerie purchases before they slipped the straps off their shoulders and let the flimsy garments fall to the floor. A nanosecond later, I found myself pleasantly sandwiched between them and finally got to play with Robin's awesome tits. I squeezed and sucked on her large nipples while Jackie's tongue explored every inch of my shaft. Then Jackie straddled my face and lowered her pussy over my mouth. Jackie loves it when I bring her off this way, and I'm always happy to oblige. We were really getting into it when Robin lowered herself onto my dick and rode me until she peaked, creaming all over my cock and balls.

When Robin moved over, Jackie sucked on my cock, getting her first taste of Robin and giving me one of the best blowjobs ever. Wanting to taste more of Robin's sweet nectar, Jackie milked my cock till I came, then moved between Robin's legs. She dove right in, burying her face in Robin's shaved pussy, leaving me to stroke my dick back to life. As I watched Jackie excite Robin with a combo of fingers and tongue, the blood rushed back into my cock.

When my dick was fully erect again, I pulled Jackie to her knees and drove my cock into her from behind, stroking deep and hard as she worked on Robin's pussy. Robin was the first to succumb to orgasm, and she trembled and cried out as she held Jackie tight to her twat. Jackie's reaction was immediate. I felt her muscles tighten around my cock amid my own impending orgasm. Seconds later, I let out a groan and filled Jackie with my release.

I rolled off Jackie, ready to bask in post-orgasmic bliss, when Jackie nudged me and said, "Aren't you forgetting something?"

"I don't think so," I said. "I'm pretty sure we all got off that time."

"We certainly did," she said, "but if you don't want to get fired, you'd better call the office and say you're coming down with something and you're taking the rest of the afternoon off—to stay in bed."

"And it won't be too far from the truth!" Robin added.—M.E., Minnesota

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.



SIZE MATTERS

INTRODUCING THE BOWFLEX REVOLUTION® XP HOME GYM

Size? It makes all the difference. Now you can have the most exciting home gym technology ever in a size that fits your lifestyle. The Bowflex Revolution® XP Home Gym offers the versatility of a gym filled with equipment, yet fits in the corner of a room.

How did we do it? We took our cutting-edge SpiraFlex® technology and put it in a compact, space-saving design. SpiraFlex® resistance feels as smooth as traditional strength equipment, but is packed into a revolutionary lightweight plates!



Lightweight SpiraFlex® resistance plate

Your space may be limited, but your workout shouldnt' be.



**CALL (800) 910-4902
TO REQUEST A FREE DVD
OR TO PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY.**

www.BowflexRevoInfo.com

Exceptional Standard Features
that can Strengthen and
Tone Your Body in Just 20 Minutes
a Day, 3 Times a Week:

- 200 lbs. of resistance standard (upgradeable to 280 lbs.)
- 170° range angle of resistance
- Includes squat harness, 5 position foot harness, hand grips, and instructional manual
- Optional Lat Tower and Ab Back Pad
- 10-year limited warranty
- Results in six weeks — GUARANTEED!*



BOWFLEX
REVOLUTION.

* On approved Bowflex™ credit card purchases. The advertised payment is based on a promotional minimum payment of 1.5% of purchase price. The amount of your total Minimum Monthly Payment will depend on additional purchases and account balances. See Cardholder Agreement and Disclosure Statement for details. † 100% Satisfaction Guarantee includes full refund of purchase price, less shipping and handling. Call for complete details. © 2007 Nautilus, Inc. All rights reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo, and Bowflex Revolution are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Nautilus, Inc. SpiraFlex is a registered trademark.

(0308) P0308PENTHSIZE



RAIN CHECK

I was nearing the end of my evening run when the girl jogging ahead of me stumbled and tumbled down a grassy embankment. I raced after her, but she didn't appear to be hurt—just embarrassed. As I helped her up, I wondered where I'd seen her before. I didn't want to say, "Haven't we met before?" and have her think I was some kind of creep, but she really did look familiar. I introduced myself, and she said her name was Nora. As she started to brush herself off, I noticed she had some dirt on the back of her pants. I brought it to her attention and said I would be happy to help in the cleaning process, but I didn't want to get slapped.

When she laughed, I suddenly realized I'd seen her a few times in my neighborhood juice joint ordering some kind of mango drink. I told her I recognized her and she flashed me a smile, saying she remembered me,

too. I asked her if she lived in the area and she did—about three blocks from me. I figured this had to be a sign and asked her out for a drink, but she already had dinner plans and asked for a rain check. I thought I blew it, but then she asked me to meet her on Saturday for a jog. I said, "Yeah," but what I thought was, *Great—she's looking for a running mate and I'm looking for a fuck buddy!*

Saturday brought heavy thunderstorms, so she invited me over for

She stripped and stood buck naked before me, tanned, toned, and utterly gorgeous. Then she crooked her finger at me and walked out of the room.

dinner instead. When I arrived at her place, she had on tight shorts and a small T-shirt. I could barely keep my eyes on her face, because her C-cup tits seemed to want to burst out of her shirt. She was barely five feet tall, but her body was tight and her abs were as good as mine. The girl looked good!

We talked, or rather, she did. I ate, listened, and imagined what it would be like to have her on my lap, or up against the wall, or on the table. I had a hard-on all through dinner and was sure she knew it. After we finished eating, she came over to my side of the table, refilled my wine glass, and asked if I wanted anything else. Now I was face to face with her tits.

"There is one thing I really want," I replied, hoping we were on the same wavelength, but just as I reached out to touch her, she stepped back.

With that, she stripped off her clothes and stood buck naked before me, tanned, toned, and utterly gorgeous. She pulled the tie from her hair, which fell nearly to her waist. Then she crooked her finger at me and walked out of the room. I followed, dropping my clothes along the way.

As soon as we were in her bedroom, she fell back onto the bed and pulled me down with her. She was small but fast, and quickly assumed the power position, straddling my hips and rubbing my cock back and forth against her slick pussy. Then she eased me in and began to rock back and forth. At first I held on to her ass, but as her pace quickened, I reached out and rubbed my thumbs over her erect nipples. When her head fell back and she moaned with pleasure, I gave each nip a quick pinch.

When her breathing slowed, I rolled on top of her, thrusting hard into her as she pulled her knees up to her chest, giving me full access. I could feel the heat building again, and this time I was going to blow. I knew she was coming when I felt her body tense up again. I was almost there when she reached down and pressed her fingers right behind my balls. Her touch was like an electric shock and I came in a rush, both of us sharing the same level of ecstasy.

As we lay side by side, Nora asked me if I had to leave or if I could hang out and stay overnight. She said the rain was supposed to stop, and we might be able to get in our run in the morning. This was even better than I'd hoped—I found a jogging mate and a fuck buddy! —M.N., Texas

More letters on page 142

step outside



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

©2007 Kretek International

 **DJARUM**
it's the clove...

PENTHOUSE®

U.S. EDITION

President and Publisher, Magazine Group DIANE M. SILBERSTEIN

EDITORIAL

Managing Editor BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

Deputy Editor PETER BLOCH

Features Editors JOHN BOLSTER, MACMONTANDON

Senior Editors DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK, REBECCA SWANNER

Deputy Managing Editor ABIGAIL ARONOFSKY

Associate Editor JONATHAN AGES

Copy Editor MARGARET MEEHAN

Assistant Editors HEATHER COHEN, RAEGAN N. JOHNSON

Contributing Editors RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL, ERIC DANVILLE,
BILL HEALD, DAVE HOLLANDER, JONATHAN YEVIN,
ALYSON S. ZAMKOFF, VICTORIA ZDROK

ART

Art Director, Publishing Group JOHN AROCHO

Art Director JOHN FARACI

Associate Art Director COURTNEY ELTRINGHAM

Penthouse Studios Photographers DIZZY CASH, CHARLES LIGHTFOOT, GUNTER STONE

LIBRARY

Art Rights Manager MARIA ROTHENBERG

Photo Librarian EVELYN BUTLER

Assistant Photo Librarian NORMA DELGADO

CIRCULATION

Vice President, Director of Circulation JOE M. GALLO

Director, Newsstand Sales PAUL G. PEARSON

Director, Subscription MARCIA SCHULTZ

Customer Service Manager/Analyst MORGAN EVERETT

Traffic Director BILL HARBUTT

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Vice President, Marketing TRICIA AUSTIN

Senior Advertising Director RICH MCENTEE

Account Managers TIFFANY CAVE, JACK O'NEILL

West Coast Sales Director LISA BAKER

Midwest Sales Manager CLAIRE J. RITCHIE

Promotions Manager LAINIE SPEISER

Public Relations Manager KATHLEEN BERZON

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING

Director, Model Recruitment STACY VALENTINE

Director, Licensing AMANDA BYRD

INTERNET

Vice President, Internet Group MICHAEL McNICHOLAS

PRODUCTION

Vice President, Manufacturing & Production MICHAEL TANG

Production Manager MARIA KELLEHER

Associate Production Manager GIL VELEZ

Senior Photo Retoucher JEREMY NEWMAN

Editorial Scanning Supervisor JEFF ANDERSON

Type Systems Supervisor MARIO IANNOTTA

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

For information: www.pmg.com/publishing

PENTHOUSE MEDIA GROUP INC.

Chief Executive Officer MARCH BELL

Chief Operating Officer JAMES SULLIVAN

Vice President, General Counsel JOSHUA R. BRESSLER

Controller FRANK MATASAVAGE

Accounting Manager ANTHONY MANISCALCO

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125

New York, N.Y. 10121

Tel: 212-702-6000

Fax: 212-702-6262

Advertising inquiries AdSales@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, Calif. 310-280-1900

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For one year (12 issues), please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for \$32 (\$56 for foreign residents) to Penthouse P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 a.m. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to Penthouse P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 a.m. to midnight weekdays, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You may also e-mail us at Penthouse.com by clicking on the customer-service link. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to Penthouse, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zipcode.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to Penthouse, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, see our Website, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Feb. 1996); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000, extension 6505. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of Penthouse text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail Penthouse editors:
penthouse.editors@penthouse.com

The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance.

Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.

Atlanta

Mexico City

Chicago

Myrtle Beach

Denver

New Orleans

Detroit

New York

Houston

Niagara Falls

Los Angeles

St. Louis

Tampa

Wellford



The
PENTHOUSE
Club[®]

Where the Magazine Comes to Life!

For more information on our clubs, visit: www.PenthouseClubs.com



Penthouse Pets.

Sports.

Penthouse Pets.

Drinks.

Penthouse Pets.

Video Games.

Penthouse Pets.
What else
could a guy ask for?

Penthouse

PenthouseMagazine.com



Wicked Women!

Stalkers. Seductresses. Murderers. Kathy Bates. With this month's release of *Beowulf* on DVD, Angelina Jolie joins a terrifying pantheon: the most evil, twisted, often hot, and rentable shrews to ever spook a multiplex.

Illustrations by Sean McCabe

ANGELINA JOLIE
as Grinilda in *Beowulf*
(2007)

WHO: Seductive but deadly monster mama
WEAPONS: Gilded skin and tawny body; menacing ponytail; promises
CRIMES: Possible murders; spawning a couple of evil monsters; stealing a multimillion-dollar epic film in less than ten minutes of screen time
QUOTE: "Give me a son. Love me ... I shall make you the greatest king."

FullFrontal FLICKS

FEMALE TROUBLE // BY MATT HABER



KATHY BATES
as Annie Wilkes in *Misery*
(1990)

WHO: Friendly retired nurse who just happens to be an avid reader
WEAPONS: Sledgehammer; gun; intravenous drugs; perky/creepy manner
CRIMES: Kidnapping her favorite writer; smashing his ankles
QUOTE: "I'm your number-one fan."

CAMILLE KEATON
as Jennifer Hills in
I Spit on Your Grave
(1978)

WHO: New York City writer driven to revenge after being viciously assaulted—and having her manuscript mocked—by backwoods psychos
WEAPONS: Ax; knife; rope; small-engine boat; righteous fury
CRIMES: Multiple justifiable homicides; disembowelment; castration; being part of one of the nastiest, least redeeming exploitation movies of all time
QUOTE: "Suck it, bitch!"

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH
as Hedy Carlson in *Single White Female*
(1992)

WHO: Homicidal roommate from hell with major boundary issues
WEAPONS: Very sharp stiletto heels; lethal pouting
CRIMES: Murder; puppyicide; identity theft
QUOTE: "You know, identical twins are never really identical."

DYANNE THORNE
as Ilsa in
Ilsa: She-Wolf of the SS
(1975)

WHO: Amply endowed (37D-22-35) Nazi doctor overseeing medical experiments on mostly naked women. (A series of sequels cast her as an Arabian harem keeper, a South American prison warden, and a Commie enforcer in Siberia.)
WEAPONS: Riding crop; enormous breasts
CRIMES: Castration by pizza cutter; pulling out toenails with pliers; terrible acting
QUOTE: "We are doctors; we are here to help you."

NATASHA HENSTRIDGE
as Sil in *Species*
(1995)

WHO: Baby-crazy half-alien/half-hottie genetically engineered in a secret U.S. government experiment
WEAPONS: Super strength; slimy appendages; barbed tongue
CRIMES: Multiple murders; torture; car theft; forcing Oscar winners Sir Ben Kingsley and Forest Whitaker to debase themselves for a paycheck
QUOTE: "Where is a good place to find a man?"

In *I Spit on Your Grave*, Camille Keaton is a New York writer driven to revenge after being viciously assaulted by backwoods psychos.



SISSY SPACEK
as Carrie White
in *Carrie*
(1976)

WHO: Picked-on high school pariah who taps her telekinetic powers to exact revenge on the popular kids
WEAPON: Her mind
CRIMES: Electrocuting the principal; burning down the gym; totally ruining senior prom
QUOTE: "They laughed at me."

SHARON STONE
as Catherine Tramell in
Basic Instinct
(1992)

WHO: Bisexual undergarment-eschewing writer and possible murderer
WEAPONS: Ice pick; very distracting nether region
CRIMES: Setting an unrealistic—and never matched—high-water mark for Sharon Stone's hotness; conspiring to net screenwriter Joe Eszterhas \$3 million for a script no better than Cinemax fare; sex with Michael Douglas
QUOTE: "What are you gonna do? Charge me with smoking?"

GLENN CLOSE
as Alex Forrest in
Fatal Attraction
(1987)

WHO: Frizzy-haired one-night stand-turned-stalker
WEAPON: Kitchenknife
CRIMES: Kidnapping; rabbit boiling; property damage; sex with Michael Douglas
QUOTE: "I'm not gonna be ignored, Dan!"

REBECCA DE MORNAY
as Peyton Flanders
in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*
(1992)

WHO: Hell-bent nanny out to ruin the lives of the perfect suburban family and their mentally challenged handyman
WEAPONS: Plunger; rigged greenhouse; shovel; clingy nightgown
CRIMES: Murder; breast-feeding fraud; vandalizing a bathroom; mail tampering; slapping Ernie Hudson
QUOTE: "Don't fuck with me, retard."

NICOLE KIDMAN
as Suzanne Stone Maretto
in *To Die For*
(1995)

WHO: Small-town wannabe TV reporter and aggressive corrupter of youth
WEAPONS: Lethal charms; adorable dancing in the rain; Joaquin Phoenix
CRIMES: Manipulating her boy toy to murder her husband
QUOTE: "It's nice to live in a country where life, liberty ... and all the rest of it still stand for something."

Crimes: kidnapping; rabbit boiling; property damage; sex with Michael Douglas

The Second Annual Dirty Dozen

As of press time, there was a serious chance the Hollywood writers' strike would jeopardize this year's Academy Awards. No need to worry, though—there's always the *Penthouse Double D's!*

Best Sex Scene: *300*

Gerard Butler and Lena Headey get it sweatily on in a rough tumble that's equal parts tassled-boot-knocking and battle-readiness drill.

Best Pubic Hair Bleaching: *Black Book*

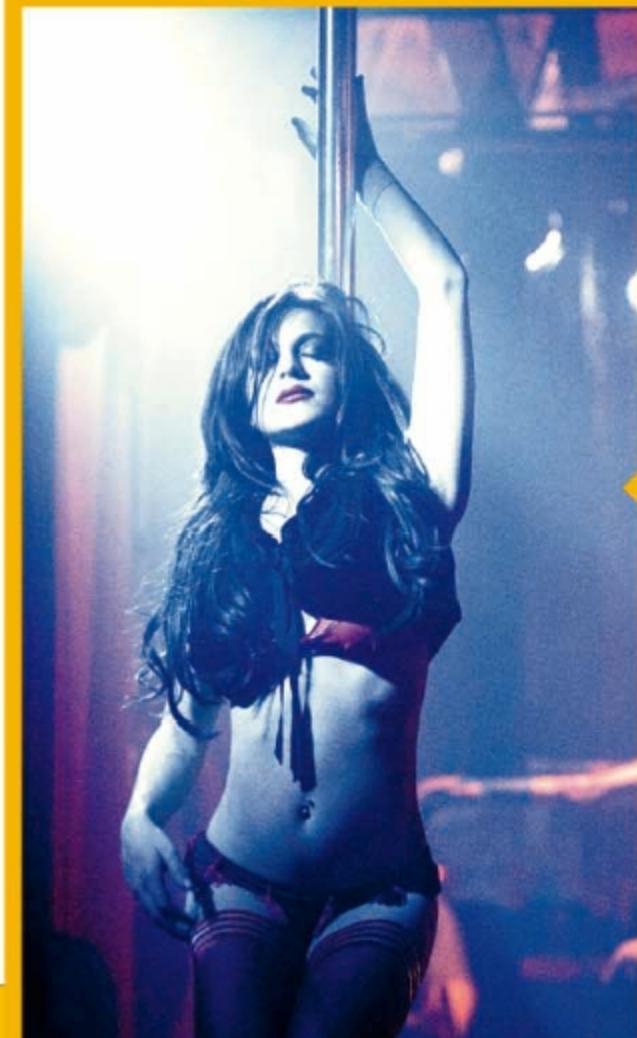
If there's a higher power, Holland's Carice van Houten will make her way Stateside. Who directed the film with its strangely hot scene of van Houten dying her nether region to evade the Nazis? None other than *Showgirls*' perv sexpert Paul Verhoeven.

Best Use of Computer Animation: Angelina Jolie in *Beowulf*

Yes, we are honoring Jolie again—you have a problem with that? Grendel's mom, emerging from the water in the buff, had us thumbing through the classic again. Funny, we don't remember that part.

Best Reason to Promote the Wardrobe Department: Marisa Tomei in *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*

Scene after scene, the (extremely fit) Oscar winner seemed determined to show us that serious acting was not about fancy period clothing—or any clothing, really.



Hottest One-Legged Stripper: Rose McGowan in *Grindhouse*

It wasn't simply one leg and a stump, but a machine-gun prosthetic! The NRA missed out by not making McGowan its poster girl. And we're still trying to figure out how she cocked the damn thing.

Best Nymphomaniac Slut: Christina Ricci in *Black Snake Moan*

Playing a Tennessee skank desperate for sex and, ultimately, salvation, Ricci was close to unrecognizable. We salute her work.

Sexiest Chick Who Knew a Little Something About (Robot) Cars: Megan Fox in *Transformers*

Megan is way too hot for PG-13 entertainment. Not that we're complaining. (When's that sequel due again?)

Best Naked Manfight: *Eastern Promises*

Throwing the ladies a bone here, so to speak. Might this be a new trend started in *Borat*? Viggo Mortensen's Nikolai, a Russian gangster, laid everything on the line in a violent steam-room tussle.

Most Hilarious Cartoon-Penis Montage: *Superbad*

You Mc Loved McLovin and the raunch factor, but how weird was this scene? Weird enough to make our list!

Best Literal "Shooting of One's Load": *Shoot 'Em Up*

Gunplay and sex—is there a better movie combo? Add Clive Owen and Monica Bellucci and, well, you could say they banged, but then we'd have to give you a verbal titty twister for such a bad pun.

Most Telling Glimpse Into the Future: Lindsay Lohan in *I Know Who Killed Me*

Lindsay's twirl around the stripper pole was obscured by her own public notoriety. Then there was the small matter of the film itself.

Best Film Titles That Could Pass for Porn:

Mr. Woodcock, Grindhouse, Hot Fuzz, Balls of Fury, Fantastic 4: Rise of the Silver Surfer, No Country for Old Men

PREVIEWS



21

Kevin Spacey, Laurence Fishburne, Kate Bosworth
Your college experience was probably a blur—somewhere between *Animal House* and *Old School*. But that was far from the case for the MIT brainiacs who swept into Vegas and used a meticulous card-counting scheme to net millions from various blackjack tables. *21* is based on actual events recounted in Ben Mezrich's riveting book, *Bringing Down the House*. The smarty-pants organized themselves into a tight team, netting thousands of dollars until multiple casino bans and personal frictions tore them apart. The strategy of every good gambling flick is simple (see the underrated *Rounders* and *Owning Mahowny*): Keep it heavy on table action and light on gab.—J.R.



10,000 B.C.
Camilla Belle, Suri Van Sornsen, Omar Sharif?!!? Yes, that was roughly the last year audiences were treated to a big-budget flick about cavemen. (And if you remember *Quest for Fire*, congrats—you don't look a day over 9,000.) So throw on your finest pelt, grab your mate by the hair, and head down to the multiplex for this prehistoric grunt-athon about a boy who must save his tribe by heading into the wild and killing much woolly mammoth. Belle is a fine actress who's deserving of attention. She might even have a chance to enhance her career if she were, say, forced to wear a cavewoman outfit. Just a thought.—J.R.

DRILLBIT TAYLOR

Owen Wilson, Leslie Mann

Of course, we wish Owen Wilson well. What, do you think we're heartless? (Don't answer that.) But still, we have to ask: Does a proper comeback begin with a comedy about a trio of high school dorks who, after being terrorized by a bully, hire a homeless beach bum as their bodyguard? A sun-drenched dude who responds to their cheapo ad in *Soldier of Fortune*? Actually, maybe this is exactly what Wilson needs to get his big-screen groove back. The original story comes from eighties teen-flick king John Hughes, and it's been fleshed out by, among others, *Knocked Up*'s Seth Rogen. Rogen also cowrote last summer's *Superbad*, and we don't need to remind you of that movie's sheer awesomeness. *Drillbit* shares this comedic DNA, so there's a good chance it won't be DOA.—J.R.

A murder mystery, *Paranoid Park* is set among Oregon's skateboard crowd—bored and constantly seeking the coolest halfpipe.

REVIEW

PARANOID PARK

Gabe Nevins, Daniel Liu, Taylor Momsen

Top-shelf indie director Gus Van Sant rose to prominence with his gritty early-1990s films *Drugstore Cowboy* and *My Own Private Idaho*. But it's only lately that he's become a belated poster boy for Generation ADD, first with 2002's slackers-in-the-desert epic *Gerry* (starring Matt Damon and Casey Affleck—NetFlix it). Then came Van Sant's Cannes-winning Columbine elegy *Elephant* and the oblique Kurt Cobain suicide drama *Last Days*. With *Paranoid Park*, the director can expect to accrue even more hipster cred; this is your smart-film pick of the month (and possibly the year). A proper murder mystery, *Paranoid Park* is set among Oregon's skateboard crowd—disaffected, bored, and constantly seeking the coolest halfpipe. After a security guard comes to a park where the crowd skates, everyone's a suspect. Thing is, do they give a shit? Van Sant pushes his utterly believable young cast into rare reaches of amorality. You'll be reminded of challenging fare like *Kids*, *Bully*, and *River's Edge*, and riveted to the end.—J.R.



Dusty's Road

Country star Shelby Lynne resurrects a sixties singing legend in her own sweet and sexy way.

On her new album, Grammy-winning Southern beauty Shelby Lynne covers the songs of one of her favorite performers, country great Dusty Springfield, and throws in an original track for good measure. *Penthouse* pulled Lynne (who is, we swear, 39 years old!) out of the studio to talk Johnny Cash, song angels, life on the road....

What is it about Dusty Springfield that does it for you?

I'm a big fan. Who isn't? I think there have been some comparisons [of me to her] through the years, and I don't care for comparisons, but it seemed like the right time to let people in on these songs again.

You cover many of her hits, but not "Son of a Preacher Man" or "I Just Don't Know What to do With Myself." Some songs you just don't cut. You don't cut "Son of a Preacher Man." It's been done the best it can be done.

You said you wanted to make the record "simple and important." What do you mean by that?

You have to bring something new to it. Otherwise, it just sounds like you're doing covers. If you're not really careful, you turn into a Ramada Inn band.

What inspires your own songwriting? Different things. I was trying to write an old-timey, sixties, Nashville-feeling song once, and the words fell out on the paper and the music I wrote was a mistake. I had a guitar string that was off and I went to play a chord and it made a funky sound that worked. That's when you know things are meant to be. Like the song angels come down and say, "We'll let you have this one."

We hear the devil's got you, too. You have a reputation for being a bit wild. Life's too short not to have a good time, as long as you get your work done! I mean, hell, I just rolled off the bus and we haven't been asleep yet.

What do you do for kicks when you're not working?

Well, I've been making records for 20 years, so I haven't had a lot of time to read. I don't even bring a book anymore because when we're not doing music we're either riding down the road partying or sleeping.

Plenty of beer flowing?

Oh yeah, we do it all. Well, not all. Right now I'm nursing a Coca-Cola.

Does it ever get old being on tour with the same people?

Yeah, but then you say, "You're fucking getting old and you're getting on my nerves." After a while, you just get used to everybody's quirks.

What do you do to stay sane on those long tours?

I think if I were sane, I wouldn't be doing it. You can't really be sane and be a musician.

In *Walk the Line*, you portrayed Johnny Cash's mother. What attracted you to that role?

It was the only role available and I wanted to be a part of that film. The part wasn't too big, but it was big enough to get my feet in the water of Hollywood. When you dress up like an old lady every day, you get a different view of a different kind of world.

Did you ever spend time with Cash? I met him once briefly, years ago.

Were you awestruck?

Oh yeah. How could you not be?



SHELBY LYNNE
Just a Little Lovin'
Lost Highway
(2008)
Penthouse pick:
"Pretend"

"That's when you know things are meant to be. Like the song angels come down and say, 'We'll let you have this one,'"

“Some songs you just don’t cut. You don’t cut ‘Son of a Preacher Man.’ It’s been done the best it can be done.”



MAINSTAGE // BY ANDY GREENWALD

Last Night's Party

Believe it or not, the bald celeb-vegan and downtown impresario Moby still makes music. Well, sort of.

Few artists have broken through commercially quite as literally as the diminutive electronic musician and part-time deejay known only as Moby. After a decade spent alternating between techno hits (1991's "Go") and hard-rock disasters (1996's *Animal Rights*), 1999's *Play* hit big, largely because Moby used its songs to feed the Madison Avenue ad machine. Since then, he's become more of a behind-

the-scenes dabbler than a leading man; both 2002's *18* and 2005's *Hotel* contained lackluster lifestyle music best suited to hipster hotel lobbies. So first the good news: *Last Night's* lead single "Everyday It's 1989" is gloriously, riotously alive—a disco-house barnburner that wouldn't be out of place on Moby's best album, 1995's *Everything Is Wrong*. In fact, it's so good that it almost makes up for the rest of the record, which, aside from the return-to-rave stomper "The Stars" remains decidedly tame, with washes of snoozy strings and soggy sampled vocals. Okay, so every day can't be 1989. But we'd totally take 1995.

The lead single is so good, it almost makes up for the rest of the record.

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

Everything Is Wrong (Mute, 1995)

Moby brings the glow-stick-rave revolution home with ecstatic, outrageously fast dance jams ("Feeling So Real") and lovely ballads for the morning after ("First Cool Hive").

Penthouse pick: "Hymn"

Animal Rights (Mute, 1996)

The shiny-pated *Play*-er attempts to wed his love of hardcore punk with the syncopated rhythms and politics of the dance floor. A failure in almost every conceivable way.

Penthouse pick:

"That's When I Reach for My Revolver"

Play

(V2, 1999)

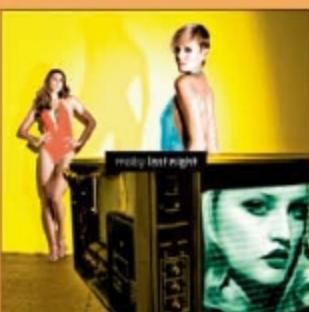
From advertisements to movie soundtracks to radio, this global smash built around folk and soul loops from the 1940s was impossible to ignore. *Penthouse* pick: "Honey"

Hotel

(V2, 2005)

Free from samples, Moby focuses on his own limited voice (and that of collaborator Laura Dawn) on this tame collection of brooding pop.

Penthouse pick:
"Raining Again"



MOBY

Last Night

Mute (2008)



Penthouse pick:
"Everyday It's 1989"



Get Some Tonight!

AdultFriendFinder[®].com

The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community

Join for FREE and you'll get:

Live Nude Member Videos!

Real people, live video! Free live, nude webcams!



Erotic Member Photos!

Millions of steamy photo sets from sexy singles and couples!



Access to Thousands of Local Hotties!



With nearly
20 million
members
worldwide, it's easy to find
live action near you!

Join today and get some tonight!

Go to: www.adultfriendfinder.com

AdultFriendFinder is a registered service mark of Various, Inc. Models depicted in photos.

Access to certain site features requires a paid membership.

FullFrontal SOUNDS

REVIEWS BY ANDY GREENWALD



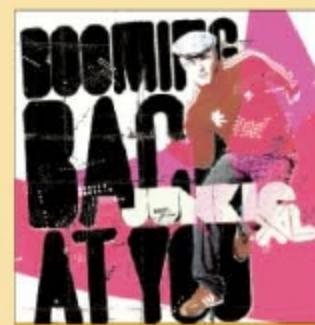
WHAT'S NEXT

SPANK ROCK

Untitled at press time
(Downtown)
During the dark days before Spank Rock—which is to say, 2003—the words “underground hip-hop” usually meant self-serious sermons delivered by surly dudes sporting backpacks. But the Philadelphia emcee and his crew are anything but boorish. They sound like the wildly sexy offspring of German techno and 2 Live Crew, and create blaring, bass-heavy tracks like “Put That Pussy on Me” that are so lustful, they might impregnate your girlfriend if you’re not careful. No



wonder their fans range from Radiohead’s Thom Yorke to Mos Def. The recent *Bangers and Cash* EP will tide you over until their full-length record is released later this year.



JUNKIE XL
Booming Back at You
(Artwerk)

★

SOUND CHECK: Dutch deejay and heavy-metal enthusiast Tom Holkenborg checks in with his latest collection of bright, shiny, and relentless techno.

AMPLIFICATION: Most of Holkenborg’s tracks have found their way into high-energy videogames over the years, and this new album is co-released by game manufacturer Electronic Arts—a marriage made in kickfighting snowboard heaven.

LAST NOTE: Unfortunately, the appeal of these thundering screeds (“The earth is bleeding and secreting madness! / Rock more! Roll more! Fuck more!”) is lost without a joystick in hand.

PENTHOUSE PICK:
“Stratosphere”



PAINT IT BLACK
New Lexicon
(Jade Tree)

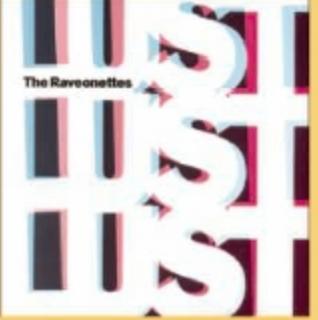
★★

SOUND CHECK: Paint It Black, fronted by Dan Yemin, the gravel-voiced guitarist of beloved proto-punks Lifetime, are unapologetically hardcore, hammering out 15 furious, hard-hitting tracks in just 30 minutes.

AMPLIFICATION: Since suffering a minor stroke in 2001, Yemin has cranked up the aggression in his songwriting—yet on PIB’s third album, he also sprinkles in some surprisingly lovely moments of melancholic melody.

LAST NOTE: Punk this abrasive isn’t for everyone—but if you eat this stuff up, consider *New Lexicon* the juiciest, um, tofu steak of the year.

PENTHOUSE PICK: “Past Tense, Future Perfect”



THE RAVEONETTES

Lust Lust Lust

(Vice)

★★★

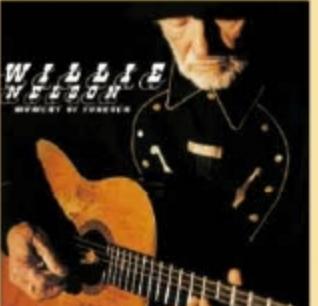
SOUND CHECK: This super-sexy twosome from chilly Denmark writes brassy, stripped songs that would make Buddy Holly proud.

AMPLIFICATION:

Songwriter Sune Rose Wagner and singer Sharin Foo stick to a Wall of Sound formula for album number three, but dramatically expand their emotional palate. “Lust” practically drools out of the speakers, and the devastating “Expelled From Love” is the musical equivalent of a heart breaking.

LAST NOTE: An impressive effort at doing more with less—but they’re capable of even more.

PENTHOUSE PICK: “You Want the Candy”



WILLIE NELSON

Moment of Forever

(Lost Highway)

★★★

SOUND CHECK: As of late, this redhead-turned-white-haired stranger has been in the press more for biodiesel and bongs than songwriting. This sparkling set of covers and originals—coproduced by Kenny Chesney—should fix that.

AMPLIFICATION: Willie’s originals are punchy and political, but the highlights are interpretations of songs by Kris Kristofferson, Bob Dylan, and Dave Matthews.

LAST NOTE: You’ll forget his less-than-magnificent turn in *The Dukes of Hazzard*.

PENTHOUSE PICK:
“Gravedigger”



8 TOP CIGARS FOR AN UNBEATABLE **\$10!**

If you like handmade cigars, you're gonna love Cigars International! To prove it, I've compiled a sampler of the finest cigars in the world for one super-low introductory price. From the mellow and mild to the bold and flavorful, these meticulously handmade cigars are the "cream of the crop." CI's *First-Class Premium Cigar Sampler* brings you eight outstanding cigars from some of the best cigar makers today.

But even better is the price: instead of the normal retail of \$47.01, my offer to you is just \$10! Am I crazy? I'm betting once you receive these top cigars, together with our free 68-page cigar catalog, you'll become a lifetime customer. Now that's an offer you can't refuse!

One per customer please.

First-Class Premium Cigar Sampler

Only \$10*
Limited time offer!

Includes 1 each of: Fonseca • Slow-Aged • Toraño • Indian Tabac • Perdomo Reserve • Gurkha
• Felipe Dominicana • 5 Vegas (From time to time a substitution may occur based on availability.)

mention code **SA8153**

1-888-244-2790



You must enter complete web address for special offer

www.CigarsIntl.com/SA8153

CIGARS INTERNATIONAL

** Send me one each of 8 top brands for \$10 + \$5 s/h (Pennsylvania residents add 6% tax - remittance of any taxes on orders shipped outside of PA is the responsibility of the purchaser.) Offer expires 5-31-08.*

Name _____

Address _____

2790
Routinely Phone () Email _____

FREE 68-page catalog includes

Code: SA8153 Item# SP-CA91

Limited time offer ORDER TODAY!*

Signature

(I certify that I am 21 yrs or older) Birth Date

Payment: Check (15 enclosed) Visa MC Amex Discover Exp _____

Phone: 1-888-244-2790 • Fax: 1-888-792-2442 • 6771 Chrisphalt Drive • Bath PA 18014



GAME OF THE MONTH

Condemned 2: Bloodshot

(Sega) Xbox 360, PS3 ★★

Back in 2005, we were introduced to one of the most frightening titles ever created for the Xbox 360. Though the original *Condemned* didn't feature killer zombies or creepy stalker girls, the central assassin with an unhealthy obsession with mannequins was even more disturbing. Ethan Thomas, the man hunting that killer, was an investigator for the Serial Crime Unit plagued by freaky hallucinations that made our hair stand on end like Brian Grazer with a weakness for wall sockets. Since we last saw Thomas, he's turned into a homeless alcoholic on the brink of insanity. The story

picks up here when he's called back to the force after his former partner's mysterious disappearance.

The first thing you notice about the sequel is the improved combat system. You still have to count on found weaponry—pipes, bricks, guns—to inflict maximum damage, but there are many more finishing moves than in the original. That comes in handy when fighting off the monsters crawling out from tar-covered floors.

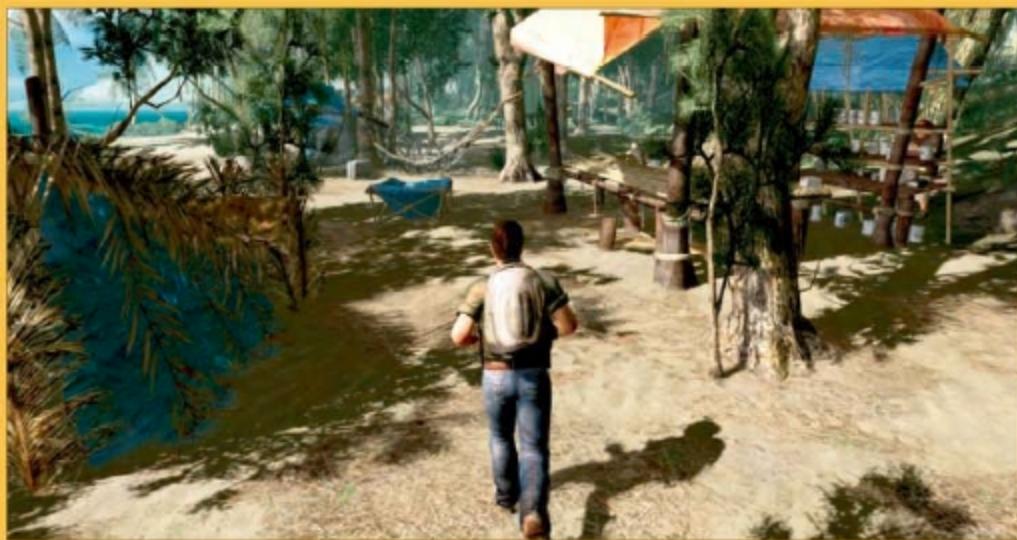
The developers have also improved the forensics, transforming it from a simple mini-game to something *CSI*-worthy. Instead of just pointing and clicking, you've got to bust out serious private-dick chops and deliver the right crime-scene clues.

The only aspect that falls flat is the arena fighting. It's like *Bum Fights* as done in the Roman Colosseum—you grapple with other derelicts until you die. That provides a few kicks, but for real brawls, we're holding out for the upcoming sequels to *Soulcalibur* and *Street Fighter*. And by "hold out," we mean "mercilessly practice vicious uppercuts on our friends."

The improved combat system comes in handy when fighting off the monsters crawling out from tar-covered floors.

LOST
(Ubisoft) Xbox 360, PS3, PC
★★★

Lost is back on TV (for now), and if you're like us, you've been obsessing over where some of the best plotlines might head this season. But as Hurley might say, "It's time to relax, dude, and play a game." Hey, like this one! ROCKS: You play a photo-journalist with amnesia in this unique storyline that adds more layers to the already complicated series. There are also flashbacks aplenty, lots of puzzles to be solved, and monster appearances. Spooky! FLOPS: Playing the main characters is not an option, so that fantasy of getting Kate and Juliet to make out will have to remain just that.



MARIO KART
(Nintendo) Wii
★★★★

Heat-seeking shells, slippery banana peels, bolts of electricity—those fave weapons and more return when this game that was a Nintendo 64 must-have (one to which we sacrificed countless hours that should have been used for studying) skids onto shelves this spring.

ROCKS: Online battles let you play up to 12 of your faraway friends on 16 new tracks as well as classic locations, like Yoshi Falls and Peach Beach.

FLOPS: The game comes packaged with a wireless wheel that holds the Wiimote. Nice thought, but we've got a handle on driving with a controller, thanks.



WINNING ELEVEN
(Konami) Xbox 360, PS3, PS2, Wii, PC, PSP, DS

★★★★★
For years, the United States didn't give a damn about soccer, but thanks to All-Universe kicker David Beckham and an exhilarating 2006 World Cup, it's now the cool kids' sport of choice. ROCKS: There's improved dribbling and a great way to deal with frustration: Yank on your opponent's jersey. Want to be an even bigger dick? Dive onto the field, fishing for a penalty call. What's next? Zidane-style headbutting? FLOPS: The game is next-gen, but oddly moves a bit slower than last year's. And while there are some licensed teams, Manchester United and Arsenal aren't featured. Bollocks!



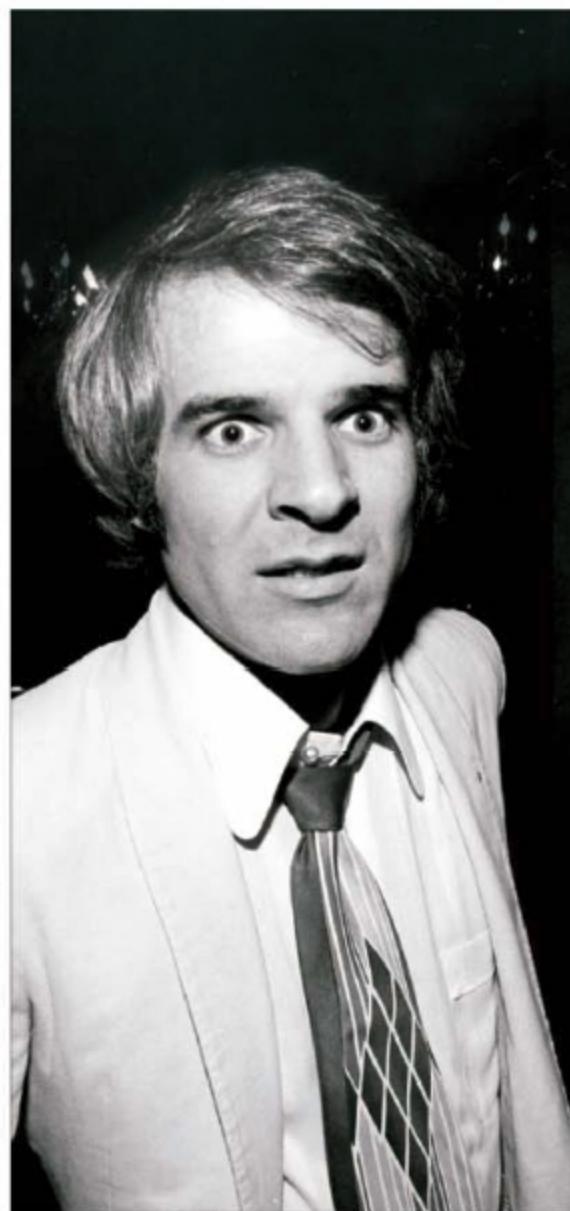
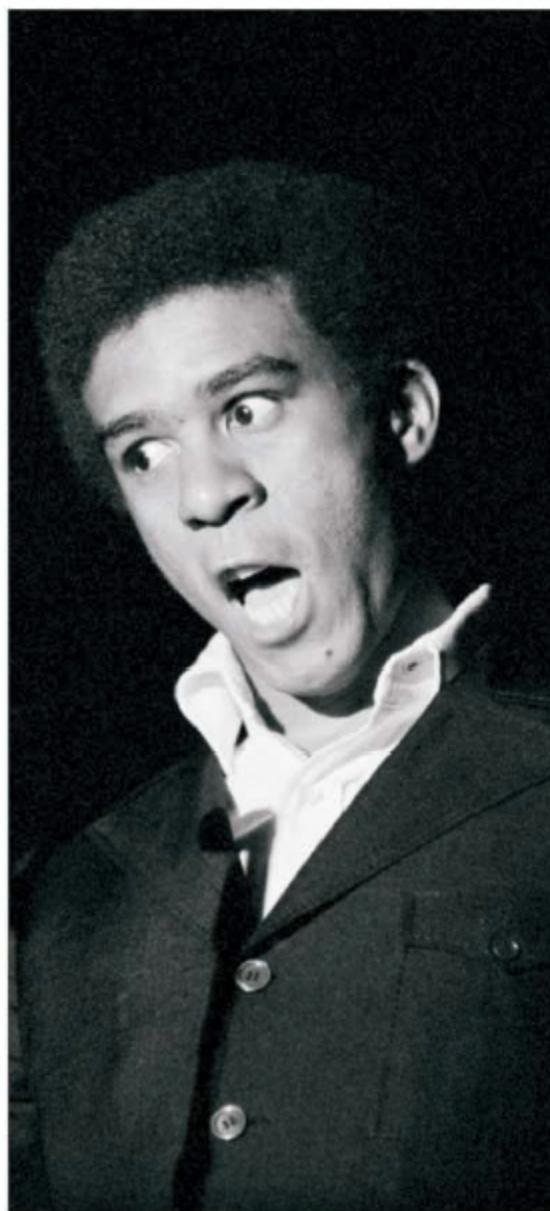
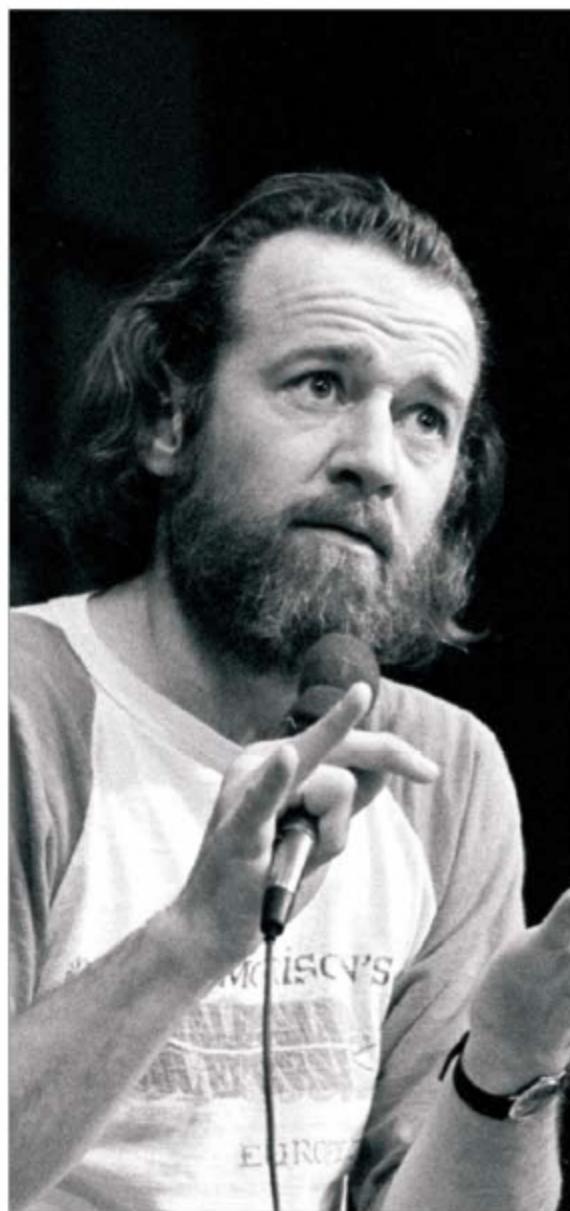
GOD OF WAR: CHAINS OF OLYMPUS
(Sony) PSP

★★★★
The hack-and-slash action-adventure starring one of Greece's original badasses is back, and this time Kratos can fit in your pocket. Unless, of course, you're wearing stupid skinny jeans.

ROCKS: In this prequel, the team brought back the same great character, the same great controls, and although Kratos isn't yet a god, they allowed him to enjoy a little ménage à trois with two sexy pixelated ladies.

FLOPS: Is the team running low on bosses? You'll face off against a giant basilisk, which, last time we checked, was a mythological chicken with poisonous breath. The sub boss? Maniacal hamsters who want to rule the world.





Rim-Shot Revolution

Back in the day, comics weren't just funny; they were fucking important.

Before the stand-up comedy boom of the 1980s—and the glut of the nineties, when it seemed a Giggles Laff Emporium was on every Main Street—we had the 1970s and the golden age of comedy. That was when comics like George Carlin, Richard Pryor, and Robert Klein, taking their ribald cue from boundary-pushing sixties pioneer Lenny Bruce, revolutionized the form. They made stand-up more personal, more incisive, and more relevant—and they opened up whole vistas for the solitary joke-teller. These possibilities were, in turn, expanded by the high-concept, high-irony acts of Albert Brooks and Steve Martin and the performance-art comedy of Andy Kaufman.

These comics challenged censors, lawmakers, conventional wisdom,

and societal norms, and they did it all through show business's most daunting, naked form—just a guy and a mike. (Okay, and the odd banjo.) Yet they haven't necessarily received their due—as their contemporaries in music and film have—for their enormous impact on American culture. In *Comedy at the Edge: How Stand-Up in the 1970s Changed America* (Bloomsbury), an excellent, thoroughly researched account, *Time* magazine editor Richard Zoglin goes a long way toward remedying that. He provides an intimate, detailed, and frequently hilarious history of

stand-up's arc from Bruce to Jerry Seinfeld, and the ways it shaped, and was shaped by, the world. The book is packed with entertaining anecdotes and revelations, including the surprising facts that the shy, childlike Kaufman had an enormous sexual appetite—once bedding the entire 42-woman workforce of the Mustang Ranch brothel during a weeklong engagement in Nevada—and that, contrary to popular belief, Pryor's infamous 1980 burn mishap was not a freebase-cocaine accident, but a suicide attempt (he doused himself in Courvoisier and flicked his lighter).

Equal parts trenchant analysis, top-notch reportage, and a fan's genuine enthusiasm, Zoglin's book is a must-read for comedy fans, pop-culture watchers, and anyone who enjoys a well-told joke.

Andy Kaufman bedded the entire 42-woman Mustang Ranch workforce in a week.

SHORTTAKES

LUSH LIFE
By Richard Price
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux)
Richard Price is among the best contemporary American novelists, and this major new novel finds him at the top of his game. No one writes about cops better than he does (see *The Wire* for further proof), but *Lush Life* goes beyond police work and unforgettably documents New York City's best and brightest, and its most hopeless and depraved, in a compelling modern version of *Crime and Punishment*.—Peter Bloch

WORLD MADE BY HAND

James Howard Kunstler
author of The Long Emergency

WORLD MADE BY HAND
By James Howard Kunstler
(Atlantic Monthly Press)
Kunstler's warnings about urban sprawl and oil depletion have gained him a large cult following, and this memorable novel transforms his theories into fascinating drama. Set in upstate New York after terrorist attacks have destroyed the nation's energy infrastructure, *World Made by Hand* is not shrill propaganda, but rather a surprisingly moving story of human beings trying to survive in a universe that has fallen apart.—P.B.

How the Pharmaceutical Companies Transformed Themselves into Sick Marketing Machines and Doomed the Nation on Prescription Drugs

OUR DAILY MEDS



MELODY PETERSEN

OUR DAILY MEDS
By Melody Petersen
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux)
Many people believe that big drug companies are up to no good, but very few of them can tell you exactly why they believe that. Award-winning journalist Petersen has the cure: Her book is indispensable reading for anyone whose physical and financial well-being is at the mercy of Big Pharma (isn't that all of us?). This exposé of America's most nefarious drug pushers gains immediacy as generic competition eats away at corporate profits and marketing becomes more important than research.—P.B.

FUNNY BOYS

WARREN ADLER

FUNNY BOYS
By Warren Adler
(Overlook Press)
A young Jewish comic tangles with 1930s mobsters in the latest novel by the author of the classic *The War of the Roses*. Not great literature, but a terrific page turner that's likely to prove irresistible catnip to Hollywood. But why wait for the movie when you can enjoy a brilliant storyteller at the height of his powers?—P.B.

REVIEW

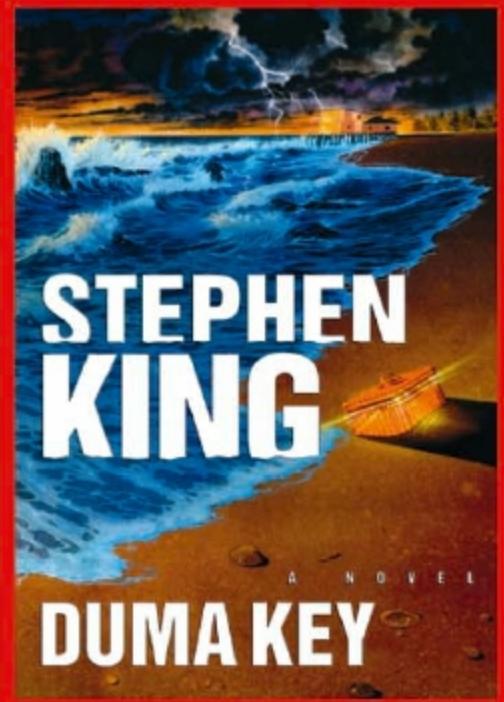
It's Good to Be King

His new novel isn't one of the master's very best, but it still packs an emotional punch.

Edgar Freemantle's looking for a fresh start. He lost his arm in a crane accident, his wife has left him after 25 years, and even his verbal chops have deteriorated into ground-chuck malapropisms. But he's kept afloat on a tidy sum earned after many years of working at a contracting company, so Edgar holes up in a Florida shack and takes up painting—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his painting takes up *him*. Edgar's surprisingly prolific work includes a mysterious ship with a telltale mythological reference, endless renditions of the Florida landscape, and a few candid freeze-frames of acquaintances in compromising positions. This being Stephen King's surreal universe, Edgar's artistic binges leave him ravenous at the end of a night's work. He chows down large salad bowls of cereal and often munches on raw meat.

In some ways, this may be a slight reworking of King's 1990 novella *The Sun Dog*. But in this case, a rather shopworn premise is buffeted by King's skill at creating captivating, haunting characters to drive his plot. Edgar meets up with an ex-lawyer named Wireman, a hearty wingman fond of enlivening casual beach conversations with garden-variety cultural references. "You're a prince," says Wireman during one of the book's many male-bonding moments. "I'd kiss you, but for those sore-raddled lips of yours." When Edgar begins tinkering with his oil to see if Wireman's debilitated condition might be healed through his painting, their friendship takes a sudden detour into crippling obligation.

Duma Key is less literary than King's last mammoth novel, *Lisey's Story*. And that's fine. Because the self-described author of "burgers and fries" entertainment is at his best in the book's first two-thirds. Building horror is kept alive by menacing shells skimming beneath the floorboards of Edgar's shack—named Big Pink, suggesting a tender wound—and a few understated Dorian Gray-style regrets from those affected by



DUMA KEY

By Stephen King
(Scribner)

Edgar's painting. But as Edgar slowly picks up the pieces of his life with some swift kicks in the ass from Wireman, there's also a touch of satire. King takes a few potshots at the art world when the passive, inert Edgar finds his "genius" exploited by hucksters and assorted opportunists hoping to keep him on the lecture circuit. Unfortunately, King's forced, formulaic climax, brimming with the occult and replete with needless melodrama, undermines much of the relationship he's created with his characters. These pedestrian plot devices prevent King from recapturing the sense of wonder seen in his better novels, and compromise his page-turning prowess. Even the revealed heavy lacks the balls-out fortitude of the great King villains, and the final supernatural showdown is a bit of a cop-out.

But while *Duma Key* disappoints as a half-dark-hearted horror novel, it is a moving and effective parable revealing humanity's fundamental honor and decency.—Ed Champion

L.A. Angel

Curvy crime writer Christa Faust set her latest noir thriller in the baby-oil-slick center of the porn industry. We smell Oprah's next book-club pick.

She may have pinup-girl looks, but Christa Faust considers herself a "cynical, hardboiled bitch." In her latest book, *Money Shot* (Hard Case Crime), this author of several mystery and crime novels introduces her most ballsy protagonist yet: Angel Dare, a former porn star-cum-XXX producer who gets framed for—you got it—murder. Hot-blooded murder. She goes on the lam disguised as a guy and shacks up with her bodyguard, only to stumble upon an even more twisted case. *Money Shot* is a hyper-fast read filled with porn-industry insider details about such things as Belladonna's short haircut and suitcase pimps; it follows Angel into car trunks, shootouts, and encounters with dangerous naked girls. Which, coincidentally, just happen to be our favorite kind.

Angel struggles with her femininity, trying to be both tough and sexy. Angel is probably the most feminine character I've ever written. She's the most girlie—she worries about her weight and her hair—yet she's still not in any way, shape, or form what you'd define as a traditional female character. I didn't want to just put Mike Hammer [Mickey Spillane's fictional dick] in a dress. It's a real pet peeve of mine—this idea that we have all these strong female characters in film. Look at *Ultraviolet*—that's not a strong female character; that's a sexfantasy with a gun! I wanted to create a character who was genuinely female, not just tough and a babe. Taking a hot chick and giving her the personality we're familiar with from male characters is almost like creating a drag queen. So many people mistake being able to fight six 200-pound men without breaking a nail as toughness. That's not toughness—that's a



superhero, a fantasy. Angel is a normal woman, but that doesn't mean she can't find her own strength.

Who were you hoping to reach with *Money Shot*?

People who wouldn't necessarily be interested in reading about the adult-film industry but who'd be sucked into the characters. I like to give people a glimpse into a world they may have a negative connotation about and show them a different side. The adult-film industry is like any other—there are good guys and bad guys. People need

to understand that it's consensual. People choose to do things like fight in the UFC, which is probably not physically very good for you, but that doesn't mean mixed martial arts is wrong and should be stopped because of the exploitation of young men. And men in porn have it just as tough as the gals. It's not poor little farm girls from Ohio being taken advantage of. It's sink or swim. You could be taken advantage of, but you could take advantage right back.

On your Website, you refer to yourself as a bitch. Care to elaborate? I use the word *bitch* facetiously, because people love to label difficult women bitches. Anything you do that's outside the box, you're a bitch.

You worked in a Times Square peep-show booth. Did you draw on that experience here?

It was the late eighties, and I worked

"The guy wraps the slice of pizza around his dick and starts going to town, all the while telling me, 'It feels just like a pussy.'"



“Ultraviolet’s not a strong female character; that’s a sex fantasy with a gun! I wanted to create a character who’s genuinely female.”



in the vast and sorely missed Show Worldempire. But I don't know if working in the peep booth is equivalent to working in adult film. In a lot of ways, it's more intimate. You're talking to people, you're looking at them, you're acting out whatever scenarios they want to share with you.

What's the most insane thing that happened to you at the peep show?
Hands down, the weirdest thing was “the pizza man.” Guy comes in with a slice of pizza. No big deal, right? Lots of guys come in on their lunch hour. He gets into his half of the booth and tells me he's going to put on a show for me. I figure this is easy money, but it's really hard not to bust out laughing when the guy wraps the slice around his dick and starts going to town, all the while telling me, “It feels just like a pussy.” Man, I don't want to know what kind of pussy that guy had that felt like a slice of pizza! 





Andie Valentino
PENTHOUSE Pet of the Month, May 2007

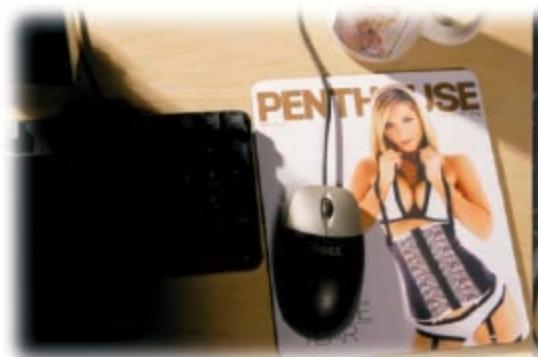
CREATE YOUR OWN CUSTOM GIFTS FEATURING YOUR FAVORITE PENTHOUSE PETS.



ART CANVAS



PET POPS



MOUSE PADS



COASTERS



PUZZLES



PLAYING CARDS

From mugs to mouse pads, Pet pops to puzzles your favorite Penthouse Pet can be printed on a variety of merchandise for your personal pleasure. Great gifts for birthdays, bachelor parties, and many other occasions.

PENTHOUSECUSTOMS.COM

10% DISCOUNT ON YOUR FIRST PURCHASE

ENTER **MY1STTIME** AT CHECKOUT.

PENTHOUSE
Customs OF 



Naughty... and oh so Nice!

PENTHOUSE TV

Get the naughtiest Adult Movies
direct from the Penthouse Vaults.
It's the only place to watch
Penthouse Pets **GET IT ON!**

Look for **PENTHOUSE TV**
in the Adult OnDemand section
from your local cable provider.

Delivered in **HIGH DEFINITION** where available.

Bombs Away

Make this St. Paddy's Day one to remember—or at least get sloshed the right way.

By Abigail Aronofsky
Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

Put on your beer helmet/thinking cap and dredge up memories of St. Patrick's Days gone by. Maybe you start out nice and civilized with a few pints of Guinness, tell a few witty jokes, scope out the hot redhead in the green tank top across the bar. Then you demolish a couple of pitchers of questionable "green beer," marveling at how great "Want to come back to my place and see Erin Go Bragh-less?" sounds ... in your head. At some point between delivering said pickup line to said hottie and mysteriously waking up on your couch alone (how were you supposed to know she was dating the bouncer?), you decided the half-price, bottom-shelf-whiskey shots would be a fantastic idea. This year, kick things up a notch and stick to the good stuff. Car bombs will keep you well lubricated on booze that goes down easy and is a hell of a lot of fun to drink. If you're partying at home, impress the ladies with an Irish flag layered shot, courtesy of Ben Reed's useful guide *Shots* (Ryland Peters & Small). It's a better pickup strategy than asking if she's kissed the Blarney Stone lately. And because we're all about servicing your needs around here, steer clear of any horny leprechauns that come your way (in shot or humanoid form)—or you could find yourself with a very unlucky mess on your hands. *OH*



CAR BOMB
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Jameson
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Bailey's Irish Cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Guinness
 Layer Jameson and Bailey's Irish Cream into a shot glass, then drop it into the Guinness.



HORNY LEPRECHAUN
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz Bailey's
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz Rumple Minze
 2 dashes heavy cream
 Combine ingredients in shaker and mix with ice; strain into shot glass. Add a few drops green food coloring and stir.



IRISH FLAG
 $\frac{2}{3}$ oz crème de menthe
 $\frac{2}{3}$ oz Bailey's
 $\frac{2}{3}$ oz Grand Marnier
 Layer ingredients in a shot glass (crème de menthe first; Grand Marnier last) using a barspoon.



Car bombs keep you well lubricated, go down easy, and are a hell of a lot of fun to drink.

Baby Got Backup

You use your computer for work, play, and everything else. Make sure your files outlast your MILF fetish.

By Gary He Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

Backing up your files isn't a new idea—geeks have been doing it since the days when computers were the size of your bedroom—but you probably haven't done it unless you figured out the hard way that spilling a tall boy on your laptop wipes out your MP3s, meticulously downloaded porn,

and less important stuff like term papers. Now, backing up is as easy as pressing a button. External hard drives are cheaper, better, and more user friendly than ever. And a few will even look badass on your desk.



OneTouch 4
Maxtor
(750 GB)
\$270

This one's for you technophobes out there. It comes with an array of easy-to-use software (no, really!) and even lives up to its name: One touch of a button is all it takes to copy your home movies, Backstreet Boys anthology, spank bank, and tax documents without arousing suspicion from the authorities and/or significant others.

MyBook Premium II
Western Digital
(2 TB)
\$680

If you're a deejay, a film buff, or that guy from *A Beautiful Mind*, only a two-terabyte drive will do. Western Digital's offering is actually a single enclosure with dual one-terabyte drives (read: It'll fit 250,000 songs, 1,250 hours of video, or millions of conspiracy theories) and is set up to work as a single drive or, for extreme data protection, copies the data twice in a mirrored one-terabyte RAID array.

FreeAgent Pro
Seagate
(750 GB)
\$280

At about 32 cents per gigabyte, the Seagate FreeAgent Pro is one of the most cost-effective and speedy drives on the market. It's also one of the quietest, since the unit doesn't have a fan (heat is dispersed through vents at the base of the unit). Bonus: Its cool glowing orange spine means you can throw out your skeevy lava lamp and use this to set the mood.

Golden Disk (left); Brick
LaCie
Golden Disk (500 GB), \$190
Brick (500 GB), \$170

The Golden Disk's reflective, undulating surface means you can have computer hardware that's as sexy as your Second Life girlfriend. The Brick, on the other hand, is shaped like a LEGO building block and comes in a variety of colors. It'll look great next to your collection of *Star Wars* action figures.



Now you can have computer hardware that's as sexy as your Second Life girlfriend.

Get it to go

The most popular external hard drives are portable models like these that take all your programs, settings, and files to go. They're powered through the computer by a USB cable, so you don't have to worry about bulky power adapters. Suffering from isolation anxiety? Save your *World of Warcraft* games and character profiles on a portable drive and set up a tournament with your buddies.

FreeAgent Go
Seagate
(160 GB), \$140



Passport
Western Digital
(250 GB), \$180



OneTouch 4 Mini
Maxtor
(160 GB), \$150

Lighten Up, Brother

Honda gets the lead out and creates a svelte, powerful superbike that proves less is more.

By Bill Heald

It has been a thorn in the side of American Honda that Suzuki has dominated the AMA Super-bike Championship for the last half-decade, and while Honda's CBR1000RR has sold well, the mighty Suzuki GSX-R has been winning the showroom battle, too. But in 2008, Honda intends to turn the tables on its rival, so the company's engineers

and designers have attacked the old CBR with a vengeance and produced something wonderfully wicked. The overall strategy was to put the bike on a diet and seriously pump up the drive train. The result is a sport bike that promises to give Suzuki and the other guys a run for their money at the track, while delivering a peerlessly potent street-bike experience.

This sport bike promises to give the other guys a run for their money at the track and on the street.



The fun starts in the engine room, with an all-new, 999-cc inline four. Despite its compact design, this mill is loaded with a bevy of technical tricks, including titanium intake valves with double springs for efficient operation at high rpm; high-strength, low-mass molybdenum-coated aluminum pistons; and Nikasil-coated cylinders in the engine block.

The fuel gets to the cylinders by mixing with air from the ram air intakes via a very sophisticated dual-stage fuel-injection system. Given the Kong-like power output (Honda has yet to release horsepower figures), there are clever electronics to help





tame this beast, lest it toss you into your neighbor's rose garden when exiting the driveway. An Idle-Air Control Valve helps minimize torque hits and smooth the response from small changes in throttle position. A "slipper"-style clutch keeps the rear wheel from locking up if you downshift too abruptly when slowing down for a corner, so the bike stays in control whether you're entering the



pits or exiting the highway.

To complement this awesome propulsion system, Honda has created a Twin Spar die-cast aluminum frame that is amazingly light yet very stiff. The goal was to reduce and centralize mass, and it's evident from the compact low-slung exhaust system to the fuel tank located low in the frame; the bike can change direction in the blink of an eye. The top-shelf suspension components are matched by the brakes, which are radially mounted to maximize rigidity for the ultimate in whoa power. Hey, you have to slow down to pick up your date, right? 



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline fourcylinder
Bore x stroke	76 mm x 55.1mm
Displacement	999 cc
Fuel system	Dual-stage fuel injection
Ignition	Digitized with three-dimensional mapping
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverted HMAS cartridge fork, compression, rebound and preload adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, compression, rebound and preload adjustable
Front brakes	Twin 320-mm full-floating discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70ZR-21
Rear tire	190/50ZR-17
Fuel tank	4.7 gallons
Wheelbase	55.4 inches
Seat height	32.3 inches
Dry weight	TBA
MSRP	\$11,599

Need a Headlamp for your Honda?



Need a Ball Joint for your BMW?



Need a Muffler for your Mercury?

"Very good company to buy auto parts from. Best prices on the net, fast shipping, and quality parts. They also have hard to find parts..."

Customer feedback posted on ResellerRatings.com.

- ✓ Huge Selection
- ✓ Everyday Low Prices
- ✓ Fast Shipping
- ✓ Easy to Use Website

RockAuto.com



GO TO WWW.ROCKAUTO.COM
1-800-ROCKAUTO



Audi-phile

The new R8, with its smooth ride and siren song of an engine hum, could turn the biggest hybrid fan into a sports-car aficionado. By Mike Guy

The 2008 Audi R8 may well be the most perfect automobile to come out of a factory this year. This sinister-looking wedge of glass and carbon fiber has precise, speed-adjusted steering; Quattro all-wheel drive with a vise-like grip; and a sublime 420-horsepower V-8 that sounds like a choir of aluminum and magnesium angels.

I took the wheel of the R8 in the parking lot of the Cala Di Volpe hotel on Sardinia's Costa Smeralda, where a crowd of the world's wealthiest muckety-mucks stood with their mouths agape. They passed their eyes over the air intakes along the doors, the vented transom, the menacingly

low profile, then gazed through the rear window at the mid-mounted, naturally aspirated 4.2-liter engine. When I pressed the "Engine On" button and the V-8 barked to life, they all jumped. It was a rarely heard sound: dark, haunting, and laden with alarming overtones of untold and irresponsible energy. I slipped the six-speed gearbox into first to cross the parking lot, punched the throttle at the turn, and—out of the corner of my eye—I swear I saw a woman faint.

Officially, the R8 hits 60 mph in 4.4 seconds and runs the quarter-mile in 12.7. Somehow, it feels even faster than that.

For the next 24 hours, I piloted the R8 along Sardinia's well-paved and narrow tarmac lanes. My friend Adriana was along for this ride of a lifetime, and as I wove through precarious mountain passes and pegged the throttle down straightaways that seemed to reach all the way to the Adriatic, she buried herself in the leather wraparound seats.

Officially, the R8 hits 60 miles an hour in 4.4 seconds and runs the quarter-mile in 12.7. Somehow, when you're driving, it feels even faster than that. Fortunately, the brakes stop on a dime. And the suspension is perfectly balanced and turns with complete assurance (as well it should, since it



shares chassis technology with VW Group sibling Lamborghini Gallardo), smoothing the ride so much you can go deeper into corners—and the gearbox—than in most supercars.

If I have any complaint at all, it's that I wanted to hear more of the engine, and perhaps even feel a little more of the road. Audi has a knack for constructing ultra-quiet interiors, but what works for chauffeuring blue-hairs to bingo doesn't work when you're trying to unspool every joule of energy in a supercar while executing a power-drift through an olive-tree field. The R8 is a refined ride, to be sure, a great daily driver that'll prove hard to find. But it almost feels a touch too refined. Behind the wheel, though, those concerns melt away. The engine note is a siren call, egging you on to drive better and faster. **OT**



SPECIFICATIONS

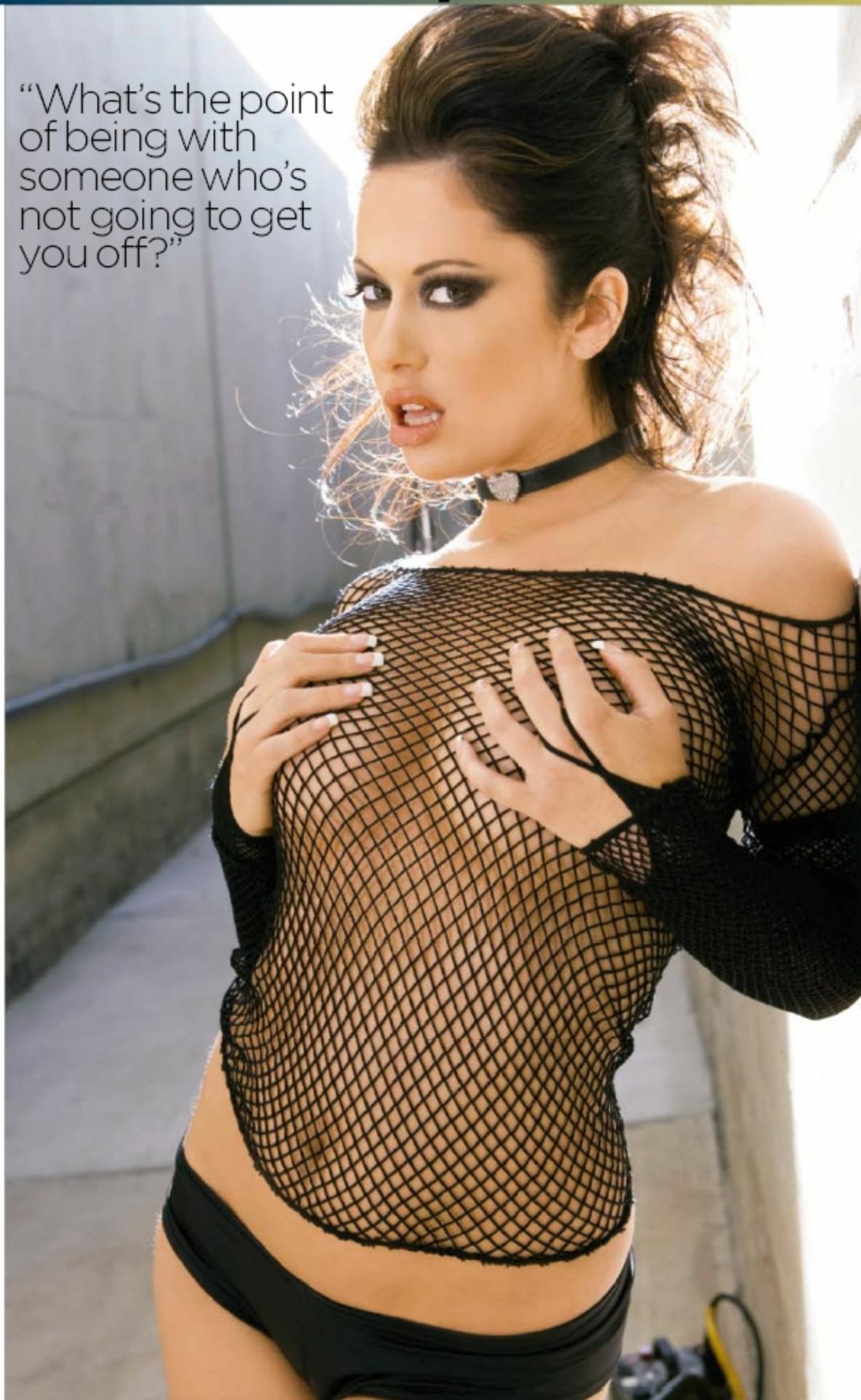
Body style	Mid-engine, two-passenger coupe
Engine	4.2-liter, naturally aspirated V-8
Power	420 horsepower
Torque	317 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual with automated shifting and clutch
Suspension	Magnetic ride adaptive suspension
Wheelbase	104.3 inches
Tires	19-inch 235/35 R19 (front), 295/30 R19 (rear)
Curb weight	3,605 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60 mph	4.4 seconds
Top speed	187 mph
Fuel economy	13 mpg city/20 mpg highway
MSRP	\$109,000



"What's the point of being with someone who's not going to get you off?"



Bed Behavior

Even if you've patented that flick-and-swirl move, everybody benefits from good advice. Penthouse Pet Cassia Riley explains how to leave her begging for an encore.

By Jonathan Ages

LADIES FIRST

"I wouldn't be mad if I didn't get off every time, if it's a long-term relationship. But if you're just dating someone or you're just having sex, you better make sure she gets off. If you don't, that bitch will never talk to you again. What's the point of being with someone who's not going to get you off? A lot of girls don't orgasm through sex, so they need oral stimulation. Don't even think about sticking your penis in her until you've eaten her pussy."

KEEP IT REAL

"Don't make any promises that you won't keep. If you sleep with someone and you're not interested in seeing her again, just brush her off softly. Don't say, 'I'll call you tomorrow.' Say, 'Of course we'll talk again.' But if she keeps asking, then lie—'cause you have a really retarded bitch on your hands! And don't ever call that chick, 'cause she's psycho."

NICE GUYS NEVER WIN

"If a guy gets too emotional in bed, I would be freaked out. I'm like a guy—I like the thrill of the chase. If he is too much of a nice guy, then I probably won't like him. I'd just tell him, 'You're going a little too fast for me, buddy. I don't think it's really gonna work.' Then I'd kick him out of bed."

OFF THE CUFF

"I don't mind if a one-night stand gets a little dirty, but you should take the girl's lead. And don't use handcuffs on the first night. If some guy busted out handcuffs, I'd be like, *Is he going to rape me and leave me for dead?* That's just creepy."

COME CLEAN

"If the girl is like, 'Come on my face,' then sure, come on her face. But if you want to finish somewhere different, then ask first, like, 'Oh baby, I just wanna come all over your stomach.' You don't have to say it all proper and polite—just in a way that feels right at the time. Be sure that she's okay with it.

"I don't recommend coming on the chick on the first night, though. And if a guy comes on me, he has to wipe me up *right away*. I'd never be a bitch about it, but I'd be like, 'Hello, aren't you forgetting about something here?' *Oh*—"

CHAT WITH A PET LIKE ME.

TEXT PET
TO 50760

Unlimited msgs for \$19.99/mth on
Sprint & AT&T; Verizon 99¢ msg received.
Standard rate charges may apply.





Office Booty

Words of wisdom from a 21st-century rogue

Dear Scoundrel,
I hooked up with a coworker after a few drinks one night. She's not in my work group so we rarely interact professionally, but we're on the same floor. Can I keep fooling around with her, or am I going to get screwed?—Eric H., New York

Right now you're in the juicy stage of your relationship. Those stair-well quickies, innuendo-laden TPS reports, and coffee-break pornography runs are transforming that otherwise colon-blowingly dull

workweek into something that feels slightly less like a colonoscopy. Great, right? No, dumbass! You're shitting where you eat.

Consider how blissful you'll feel if watercooler gossip destroys your shot at a promotion. If your boss

"I hooked up with a coworker after drinks one night. Can I keep fooling around with her?"

thinks that your relationship is interfering with your work performance, you may get canned like chicken of the sea. Plus, if your after-hours activities end bitterly, that 40-hour workweek could feel like a 40-hour IRS inquisition—week after week.

The beauty of breaking off a conventional relationship is that you never have to see the other person again, so invite your coworker out for coffee, explain that your job security must come first, and rest assured knowing that banging your colleague won't make work feel like getting anally probed at H&R Block.

Dear Scoundrel,
I love my family, but working in the family business is driving me nuts. And as much as I respect my dad, I don't want to live the same life he does. How do I move on without coming across like a selfish bastard?—Chris H., Oregon

From the Bush dynasty to family-run tattoo parlors, this country is built on family-oriented values (read: nepotism). Apprenticing for an older relative builds the family legacy, pads your résumé, and, most important, helps you skip the lower rungs of the management ladder. Plus, the boss was once patient enough to potty-train you, so he'll be all the more forgiving if you get drunk at a company function and accidentally wet yourself.

Still, there is the call of the wild. Weigh your options, and if you still want to leave the cradle of comfort, take a ski trip with the old man. After a couple of beers at the lodge, casually tell him that you've been contemplating a change of environment. Be sure to mention that working for the family has been incredible and you've learned a lot, but you're afraid you may later regret not being more of a risk-taker and you can't feel like a real man until you try something on your own.

If things workout, you'll be free to follow your dream as a busker riding a seatless unicycle around the Venice Beach boardwalk. And once you realize that the health benefits blow, you'll return to the life the rest of us live. Then you'll experience the exhilarating feeling that comes from asking for a day off from someone who doesn't love you. 

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO
SCOUNDREL@PMG.COM

*For those
who appreciate
the very best...*

"Robert's has some of the
VERY BEST STEAKS
IN NEW YORK CITY."

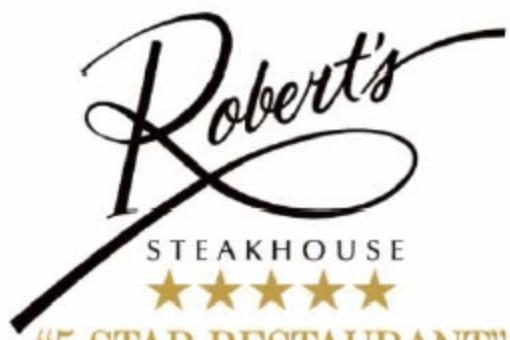
- Frank Bruni - New York Times

"BEST PLACE
for dinner and a dance"

- Esquire Magazine

"The **REMARKABLE** thing is
how nicely topless dancing
enhances the eating of
GOOD FOOD, and
the other way around.

- Jeffrey Steingarten - Vogue Magazine



"5 STAR RESTAURANT"

- Metro TV - Naked New York

Z	ZAGAT RATINGS:
	APPEAL 25 DECOR 22 SERVICE 24 VERY GOOD TO EXCELLENT

NYC'S MOST UPSCALE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB



PENTHOUSE
EXECUTIVE CLUB

603 W 45TH ST. CORNER 11TH AVE, NYC 212.245.0002

SPECTACULAR TWO STORY ATRIUM | FLOATING STAGES | PENTHOUSE SUITES | PRIVATE THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | PRIVATE CELEBRITY ELEVATOR | WINE CELLAR | PRIVATE DINING ROOM | VALET PARKING

PLEASE CALL 212.245.0002 OR EMAIL US AT INFO@PECNYC.COM



2008
Pet of the Year

southern comfort

Is there anything sweeter than a gorgeous girl with a Southern accent? Hell no! We were drawn like bees to honey to Erica Ellyson's Mississippi drawl and killer looks when she was our January 2007 Pet of the Month, and we obviously weren't alone. We can't wait to spend a whole year with her.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





2008
Pet of the Year





"It took me a while to believe I was the Pet of the Year. When I found out, I said, 'Really? Are you sure?'—about five times. It was the best feeling ever, once I finally got it through my head."



2008
Pet of the Year



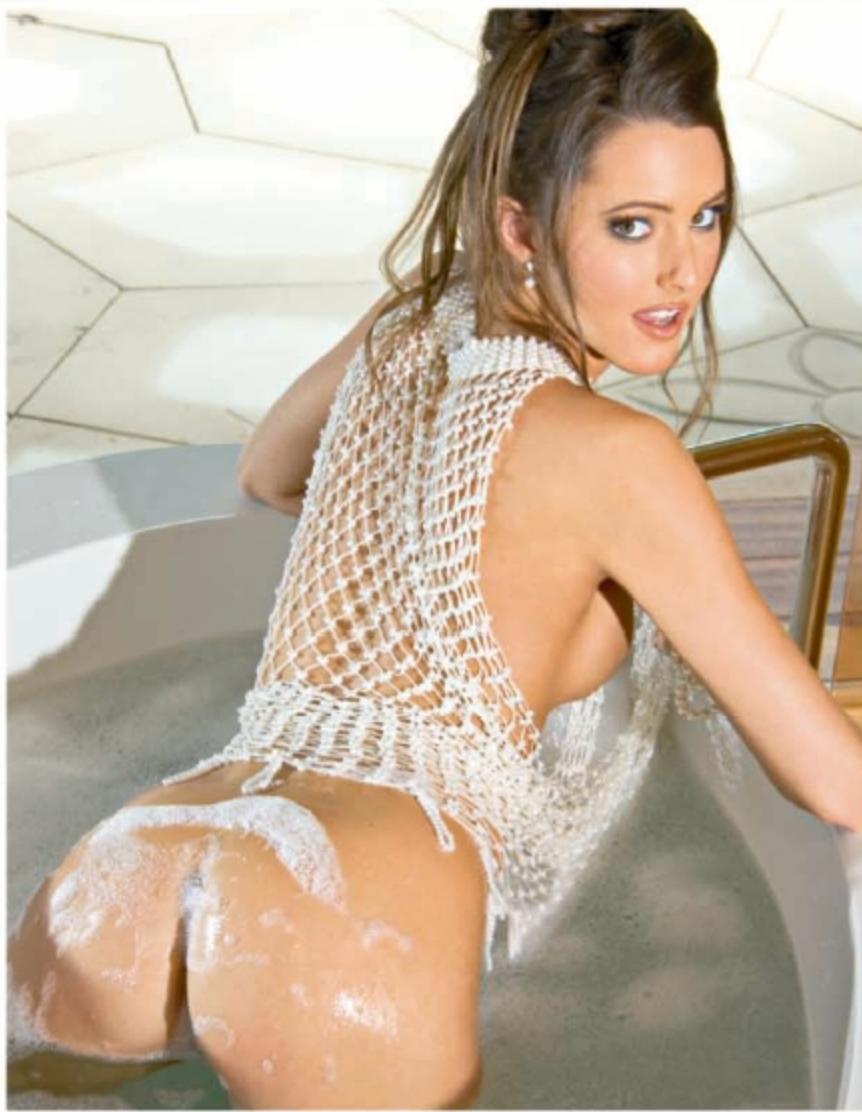


"I love sports like football and fishing. In school I played flag football with a bunch of dudes. They gave me the position of tight end because I have a tight end."



2008

Pet of the Year





"There's one sure way to get me in the mood. If a guy starts kissing my neck I'm done for. I get turned on right away and there's no going back."



2008

Pet of the Year



"I'm really down to earth. I like sweet tea, steak and potatoes, and guys who act like themselves. Material things don't impress me."





2008
Pet of the Year





"I'm so grateful to my fans and friends for their support, and I can't wait to make new ones. I'm excited to get out there and meet new people, especially since I tend to get wild when I party!"



WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF ERICA AT
PENTHOUSE.COM/ERICAELLYSON.

Danny Bonaduce

The former child star has been responsible for some of the funniest recent reality-TV moments and tabloid headlines. Lucky for us, he still doesn't know when to shut up.

*By Chauncé Hayden
Photographs by Lionel Deluy*

We don't think even Sigmund Freud on his best day could figure out exactly what makes Danny Bonaduce continuously self-destruct, but when the results are so consistently entertaining, who the hell cares? You gotta love a guy who, even after a legendary brawl with a male transvestite, an unforgettable Barry Williams beatdown, and decades of drug addiction, still had the cojones to entertain millions of TV viewers by exposing his dark side on the hit VH1 series *Breaking Bonaduce*. The show helped bring about a painful divorce from his fed-up second wife, Gretchen, and led to a suicide attempt. Then the gravel-voiced C-lister set himself up for more legal problems by flipping *Survivor* contestant Jonny Fairplay on his head in front of a stunned audience at the Fox Reality Really Awards.

Bonaduce even tried to suck *Penthouse* into the weirdness by insisting he wanted to pose nude in order to prove his cock isn't the shrinking baby it appears to be in a video clip that's made the Internet rounds, courtesy of several celebrity-gossip Websites. After some heated internal debate, we decided to shoot Danny in his full-frontal glory for our own Website, but the good folks at CBS (Danny's current boss) weren't having it.

Most of the time, the 48-year-old father of two and best-selling author (*Random Acts of Badness*) is trying to put his life into some sense of order. His career, at least, is on an upswing. And although he says he was devastated by the breakup of his marriage, he seems to have found love with a 25-year-old schoolteacher, Amy Railsback. He's celebrating more than a year of sobriety, and his cohosting gig on Adam Carolla's syndicated radio show has morphed into an afternoon talk-fest of his own. He'll be hosting another VH1 series, *So You Think Your Kid Is a Star?*, which will have Bonaduce trying to keep child actors from becoming emotional basket cases. But now, for your reading pleasure, Bonaduce vents about his divorce, his recent tabloid troubles, his surprising sexual conquests, and what (or whom) he's willing to give up for a romp in the hay with a few *Penthouse* Pets. Keep dreaming, dude!

TV viewers got a very close look at your personal life thanks to *Breaking Bonaduce*, which put you back on the map, so to speak, but ended with the breakup of your marriage. Was it worth it? The divorce isn't final yet. But it will be by the time this interview comes out. I don't blame anything that happens to me on anyone but me. I never wanted the divorce. I still don't want the divorce. But she does and that's that. There's nothing I can do about it.

Do you think you would still be with your wife if you had never signed on to do *Breaking Bonaduce*?

I don't know. It was a pretty bad marriage as it was. My wife is a practicing Christian and she has a lot of rules. I really wanted somebody to help me live right. I spent about 30 years before I married Gretchen living on the edge of addiction and all sorts of stuff. I just wanted somebody to help me live right. But it didn't make it a good marriage. It made it a good business arrangement.

What did reality TV do for your career?

I just wrote a new show for VH1 called *So You Think Your Kid Is a Star?*. One of the main points is, I try to protect the kid so he doesn't end up all fucked up like me. And what about saving up for college? How about learning a different skill?

What do you think made you so self-destructive?

I would have to say it was my father—in a very big way. I didn't like him. He wasn't my kind of guy. Although he made me capable of taking just about anything. He was a tiny little man, about five two. But the man could take anything. He was the best at anything he touched. He was also the smartest guy I ever met. I started getting hit by him with a closed fist about the time I was five. In the sixth grade, one of the toughest kids in school punched me in the face. I remember looking at the crowd of people staring; they looked astonished. I couldn't understand why until I realized, "Wait a second. I'm not hurt." That's when it dawned on me that no child could hurt me anymore. I applied that theory to other things in my life. If I have to, I could go days without sleeping. I could go days without eating. I could do just about anything I put my mind to.



You're a father. Have you ever punched your own kid?

That's not the way I would recommend raising a child. That's not how I do it. In fact, I've never even spanked my children.

So how do you keep them in line?

I feel like my daughter's first word was "Daddy" and her second words were "I'll call 911." That's what they teach them in school. They teach kids today that parents can't hit you. I remember one day I came home and my wife was hysterically crying. She said, "I asked Isabella to go for a time-out and she won't go. She said there's nothing you can do to make me go. You can't touch me." My wife didn't know what to do. I said, "Watch this." I went to Isabella's room, which was on the third floor, and said, "I hear your mom wants you to have a time-out but if she lays a hand on you you'll call 911." She said, "Yeah." So I unplugged her computer and threw it out the window. I said, "Call 911 now. I bought it. I paid for it. The TV is next." She said, "Okay, I'm sorry." It worked great.

That said, could you empathize with Alec Baldwin's phone call to his 12-year-old daughter when he called her a little pig?

Big deal. I have similar conversations with my kids right to their face. Although I don't think I ever called my daughter a pig. But imagine if there was a videotape of me throwing a computer out the third-story window. What would that have looked like?

During the Reality Awards, you had an onstage altercation with Survivor contestant Jonny Fairplay, who crawled away with a broken nose and missing teeth. What's your side of the story?

He went to the hospital that night and pressed felony battery charges. But the very next morning the DA put out a report stating that not only did Fairplay initiate physical contact with me, but that I reacted with pure self-defense. This is the same DA who arrested me three times. He was right all three times. This time he was right again. I love this DA! He's really smart.

What went through your mind when Fairplay leaped up on you?
Everyone thinks I got mad, but I just heaved him off me. He started to thrust himself against me and I just wanted to toss him anywhere to get him off me. I guess he failed to pay attention in class and didn't consider the laws of gravity.

Were you surprised by Fairplay's injuries?

I was incredibly shocked. I couldn't believe he got hurt at all. I never looked behind me. If you look at the video, I just toss him over my shoulder, bow to the cheering audience, and leave the stage.

You walked onstage and told Fairplay the audience was booing because they hate him. Why put yourself out there?

It was a reality awards show. Anything can happen. Know what I mean? It's not the Academy Awards. It's not like it's the Grammys, where every moment is mapped out in advance. It's the Reality Show Awards. So reality should happen. He had a teleprompter to read and he wasn't reading it. He was stopping the show. He just kept saying, "Why are you people booing me?" I was by the side of the stage and I thought to myself, *That sounds like a legitimate question. I think I'll answer it for him.* So I walked onstage and said, "They're booing you because they hate you." I got a nice laugh and walked off the stage. That's when he grabbed me and turned me around, took five or six steps back, and came running at me. My first thought was, *I'm just going to knock this guy out the second he gets here.*

What stopped you?

I didn't want to have to defend myself. If I did, that little guy would be all shredded to pieces. I just wanted him off me. I didn't want anything to happen to him. I just wanted him away. But, that said, I was shocked that he got hurt. I'm sorry he got hurt. He's trying to make a buck as a villain. I'm trying to make a buck too, and luckily I found a way. He has not found a way. He's a sad character. I'm not really mad at him. I just found him disgusting.



"She made a man out of me in my dressing room. I like to think I gave that woman the best 30 seconds of her life."

Is he suing you?

Oh yeah.

Will you countersue?

I'll do whatever my lawyer says. I can't imagine he has any money to defend himself. I have a document in the DA's own handwriting saying the man attacked me. So I doubt I'll get too much trouble from his lawyers.

You've had more than your share of altercations, including the infamous transvestite ass-kicking, but you also busted up some fellow celebrities in the ring. Who gave you the most trouble?

The one that taught me to learn how to box if I'm ever going to do that again was Donny Osmond. He not only went the distance, but if he hadn't started bleeding, he would have won.

How shocked were you by Donny's toughness?

Incredibly shocked! I went into the ring really drunk because it was *Donny Osmond*. I actually had a girl in my corner whose job it was to hold my cigarette, just to show total disrespect. I was being a complete jerk. I wanted to give the crowd their money's worth so I fired away for 90 seconds, then stopped because I was out of breath. I figured I'd just let him fall down and die. But it turns out

he wasn't even tired. I couldn't believe it! So I just let him beat on me because I thought it would demoralize him to see he couldn't hurt me. By the third round I was pretty rested and I punched him in the face. He got a bloody nose and started to run around. I pretended that I wanted to catch him, but truth be told, I didn't.

You cohosted *The Other Half*, which was marketed as the male version of *The View*. Why didn't it work?

Women on *The View* talk about girl stuff. The guys on *The Other Half* were supposed to talk about how guys feel about girls' stuff. But nobody was willing to say that guys are pigs. Nobody but me. I have no problem that I have a curly little tail and I snort.

What makes you a pig?

We were asked questions like, "Do you respect a girl who sleeps with you on the first date?" Dick Clark would say what men his age might say. And Mario Lopez would say that he respects women no matter what. And I would say, "I respect a woman who sleeps with me on the first date twice as much as I respect a woman who makes me wait two days. And I respect a woman who makes me wait one night 14 times as much as a woman who makes me wait two weeks. And it doesn't matter who I respect after that, because I'm not around anymore." It just seemed like I was the only guy willing to say what men are. We're no good. We just want sex. We only get married to get laid. Nobody else would say that. Plus, it was a daytime show. I don't know too many women who want to know the truth about what men think.

One of your cohosts was Dr. Jan Adams, the plastic surgeon who operated on Kanye West's mother; of course, she died following the surgery. What did you think of him?

He seemed like a nice enough guy. The only thing that bothered me was that I could hear him through the dressing room wall, yelling at his agent, "Well, it would be funny if Danny said it!" So I think he tried to be funny when he should have been a doctor.

You've been very vocal about your dislike of Rosie O'Donnell. Did you say, "Jane Fonda should have been shot for her remarks on Vietnam, and that Rosie O'Donnell deserves the same fate"?

I thought that Jane Fonda posing for pictures with the enemy next to an anti-aircraft gun with the gun pointed toward American planes was aid and support to the enemy, which is treason. I do believe she should have been taken out and shot for that.

And Rosie?

That's a misquote. I was making a joke about her hanging herself upside down from that device she uses. I said, "Why doesn't she just hang herself for treason?" But everybody took it very seriously. I'm a big believer in the First Amendment. Rosie has the right to say anything she wants, and it's often very interesting.

You're dating a 25-year-old. How can I put this delicately? She'd never be described as a trophy wife, if you know what I mean.

Amy's about 30 pounds overweight. In fact, she weighs more than I do. So I traded a size zero for a size ten, and that's what she says. I'm guessing she's more like a size 12.

Then it's fair to say it wasn't all about looks this time around?

If you picked out a beautiful body, you would pick my wife. But if you picked out the beautiful heart, you'd pick Amy every time.

Does picking a beautiful heart come with pushing 50?

I met Amy the day Gretchen asked for a divorce. I figured my options were either blow my brains out or go to Starbucks, so I went to Starbucks. I was in there crying and I heard someone go, "I really like the show." So I thought, *I wonder if these tears will work for me?* I started to go into it and ended up going home with her.

Is this going to work out or is Amy just a rebound babe?

It's too unpredictable. I have Amy tattooed on my arm. But I also have seven other names tattooed on my arm. I can only identify

five of them. I don't know if this will be the one, but I like how we're getting along. I like how she tries as hard as she can to take care of me. But what I find even more interesting is how I try to take care of her. I do my own dishes and my own laundry. I never did that before. I was always the king. She's a schoolteacher, although she took the semester off to be with me. In a one-income family, I'm always king. What I say goes. I don't clean anything. I don't do anything. I bring home the money, and I love it. With Amy, I bring home the money and then I set it down in a nice tidy pile and do the laundry and the dishes. It just seems friendlier.

That sounds nice, but what if a Penthouse Pet came knocking?

I do think Amy is the one. But if I could have sex with 12 Penthouse Pets, I would never speak to Amy again.

We can't set that up, but maybe we could photograph you with a couple of Pets.

Good! A photo of me has been on the Internet with my balls covering my dick, and it looks like it's an inch long. I would very much like to redeem myself. You get me some Penthouse Pets and we'll prove just how big I really am. I swear to God I would do it.

Duly noted. Since we're talking about your manhood, let's get into your sex life. Tell me about the first time you got laid.

I was 13. She was trying to see David Cassidy but he was busy, so I guess she felt like any Partridge in a storm. She took me into my dressing room and made a man out of me. I like to think I gave that woman the best 30 seconds of her life.

Ever try to count how many women you've had?

When I checked into rehab, there was a question on the application about the number of sexual relationships you'd had. I think I wrote 500. I'm not sure if that's true, but it's real close.

Ever videotape yourself having sex?

Yes.

Why not share it with the world?

I would release it right now if I thought it would sell.

You don't think anyone would buy a Danny Bonaduce sex tape?
Not enough people to make it worth it.

From one porn lover to another, what's the quality of the video?
Pretty good, actually.

Compare it to Tommy Lee and Pam Anderson's sex tape.

Smaller.

Who's the most famous celebrity you've had sex with?

Oh God, that's hard to say. I don't want to completely out them. But it was a member of the Brady Bunch. Also, I had sex with a member of the band the Runaways, with Joan Jett and Lita Ford.

I guess we can rule out Joan Jett.

Not necessarily! I don't think she knew what she was yet. In fact, two girls I kissed turned out to be gay. Do you think it's me?

Who's the other girl?

Jodie Foster. I was ten and she was seven. She played my girl on *The Partridge Family*, and look what happened.

Not to change the subject, but are you clean and sober?

I don't drink alcohol anymore. I take this stuff called Antabuse, which makes you violently ill if you drink alcohol. Hey, I didn't say I was better. I said I'm *doing* better.

Not that I think you're going anywhere any time soon, but just in case, how would you like to be remembered in 100 years?

There's no reason to remember me 100 years from now. The guy who said, "Forgive them, Father, for they don't know what they're doing," deserves to be remembered. I don't deserve to be nor do I expect to be remembered. 

The Transition Game

February marks the 60th anniversary of an overlooked milestone in hoops history.

By John Rosengren

If you think of the Harlem Globetrotters as the court jesters of basketball history—good for a laugh, but little more than a sidebar in the hoops timeline—think again. Less than a year after Jackie Robinson shattered Major League Baseball's color line, the Globetrotters achieved a similar, albeit less celebrated, breakthrough. On February 19, 1948, at Chicago Stadium, the all-black Globetrotters played the all-white Minneapolis Lakers in a dramatic game that forever changed the sport.

The Globetrotters had been around for more than two decades, and while they were famous for breaking out the razzle-dazzle during lopsided games, they were not quite the vaudeville act they later became. Though they had no league affiliation, the Trotters had won the World Professional Basketball Tournament in 1940.

The Lakers were in their infancy, but they had just acquired the era's most dominant player—six-foot-ten-inch George Mikan, who had led DePaul University to a national title in 1945 and been named NCAA College Player of the Year in 1945 and '46. Mikan and the Lakers would go on to win six pro championships.

But were they the top team in the land? Not according to veteran *Chicago Tribune* writer Arch Ward, who wrote in early 1948 that "the Trotters are still the best team in the world"—a comment that provoked Minneapolis GM Max Winter to contact Trotters impresario Abe Saperstein and set up a game.

A record crowd of 17,823 packed Chicago Stadium to watch the epic matchup. The Trotters had played white teams before, but the towering presence of Mikan—a new force in the game—ensured that this would be their toughest and most high-profile challenge yet.

The subtext was clear: This was the best black team against the best white team. Oddsmakers favored the budding Lakers dynasty by eight points, and after Mikan opened the game with a field goal on his patented hook shot, then racked up 18 first-half points, the betting line

seemed accurate. Minneapolis held a comfortable 32–23 lead at the half.

But in the second half, the Globetrotters changed their strategy; they began fast-breaking and taking more outside shots. They also dropped a physical double-team on Mikan, who had dominated Trotters center Reece "Goose" Tatum in the first half. At one point, frustrated by all the hard fouls, the normally composed Mikan popped Tatum with a vicious elbow.

The Globetrotters gradually drew even, and the teams traded baskets down the stretch. With a minute to play, Mikan drained a free throw to tie the game at 59.

The Globetrotters' legendary ball-handler Marques Haynes pulled up at mid-court to set up the final play. With the clock ticking into single digits, Haynes bounced a pass to teammate Ermer Robinson, who let fly with a high-arching shot from distance.

The gun sounded.

The ball swished through the net, and the Globetrotters had defeated the mighty Lakers, 61–59.

Incredibly, 60 years later, Lakers coach John Kundla, 91, still won't concede defeat. He insists that the final shot came after the gun, and that the officials, who had been hired by the Globetrotters, did not call the game evenly. "I don't want to complain, but that was the difference," says Kundla. "The Lakers were a much better team."

Not so, says John Christgau, author of *Tricksters in the Madhouse: Lakers vs. Globetrotters, 1948*. "The Lakers lost because they underestimated how good the Globetrotters were," Christgau says.

The Globetrotters not only showed the Lakers that African-Americans belonged on the same court and in the same leagues as whites, but they proved it to the world. Sure enough, by the time the NBL and the Basketball Association of America merged to form the NBA the following year, the new league's owners had accepted the notion. In 1950, Earl Lloyd, Chuck Cooper, and Nat "Sweetwater" Clifton became the first black players to sign with the NBA.

"[That game] turned out to be one of the best things for the league," says Haynes, the only surviving starter from the historic matchup. "The quality of players started escalating." And the legacy of the Globetrotters' triumph is obvious in today's NBA—75 percent of the players are black.

One basketball game, 60 years ago, paved the way.

The subtext was clear:
This was the best
black team in the
country against the
best white team.

Frustrated by the hard fouls, the normally composed Mikan popped Tatum with a vicious elbow.

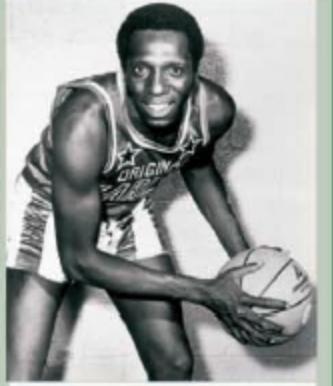
Spanning the Globetrotters

Fact file on the high-jinksters of hoops

■ Despite their name, the Harlem Globetrotters were founded in Chicago in 1926, and originally drew all of their players from the Windy City.

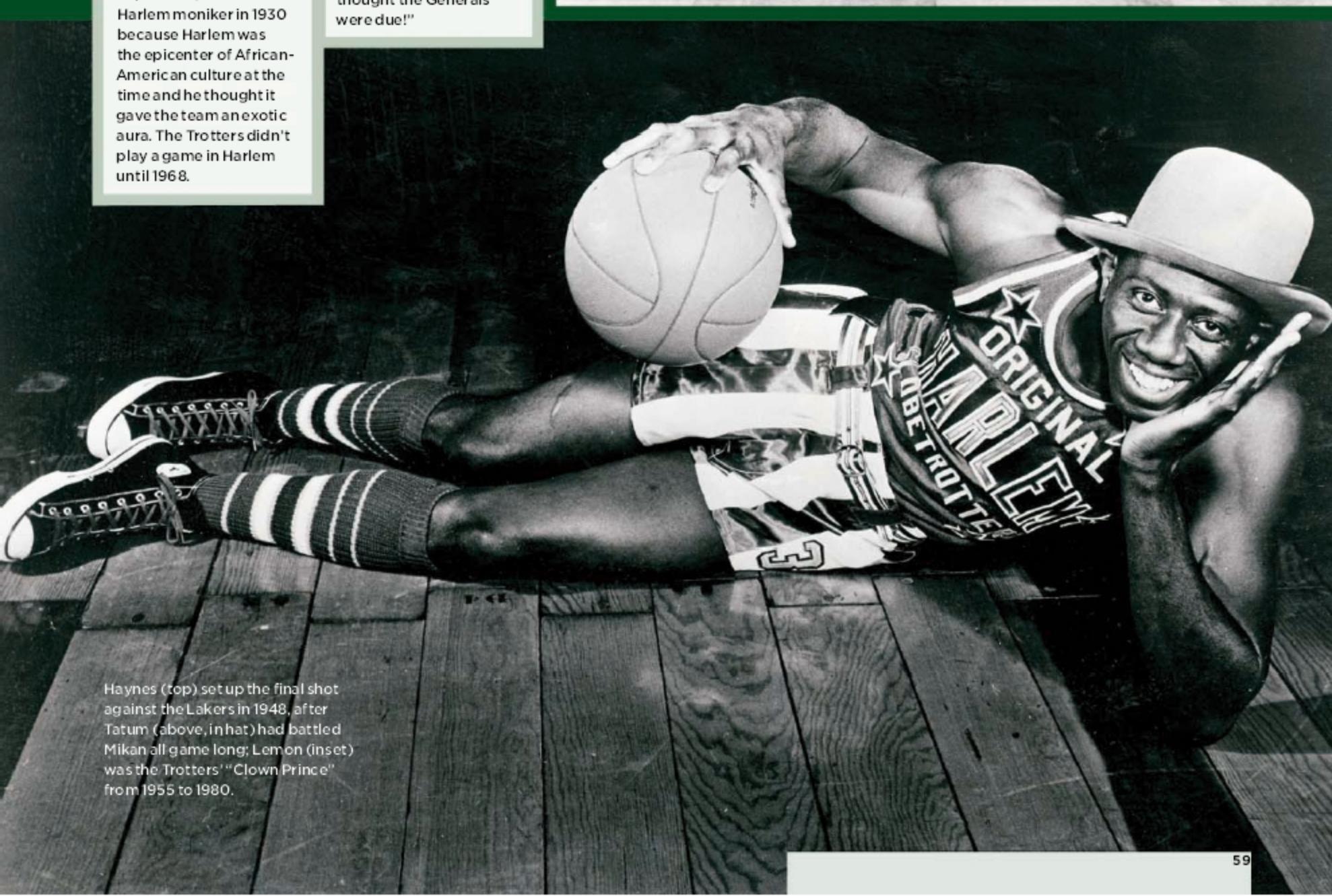
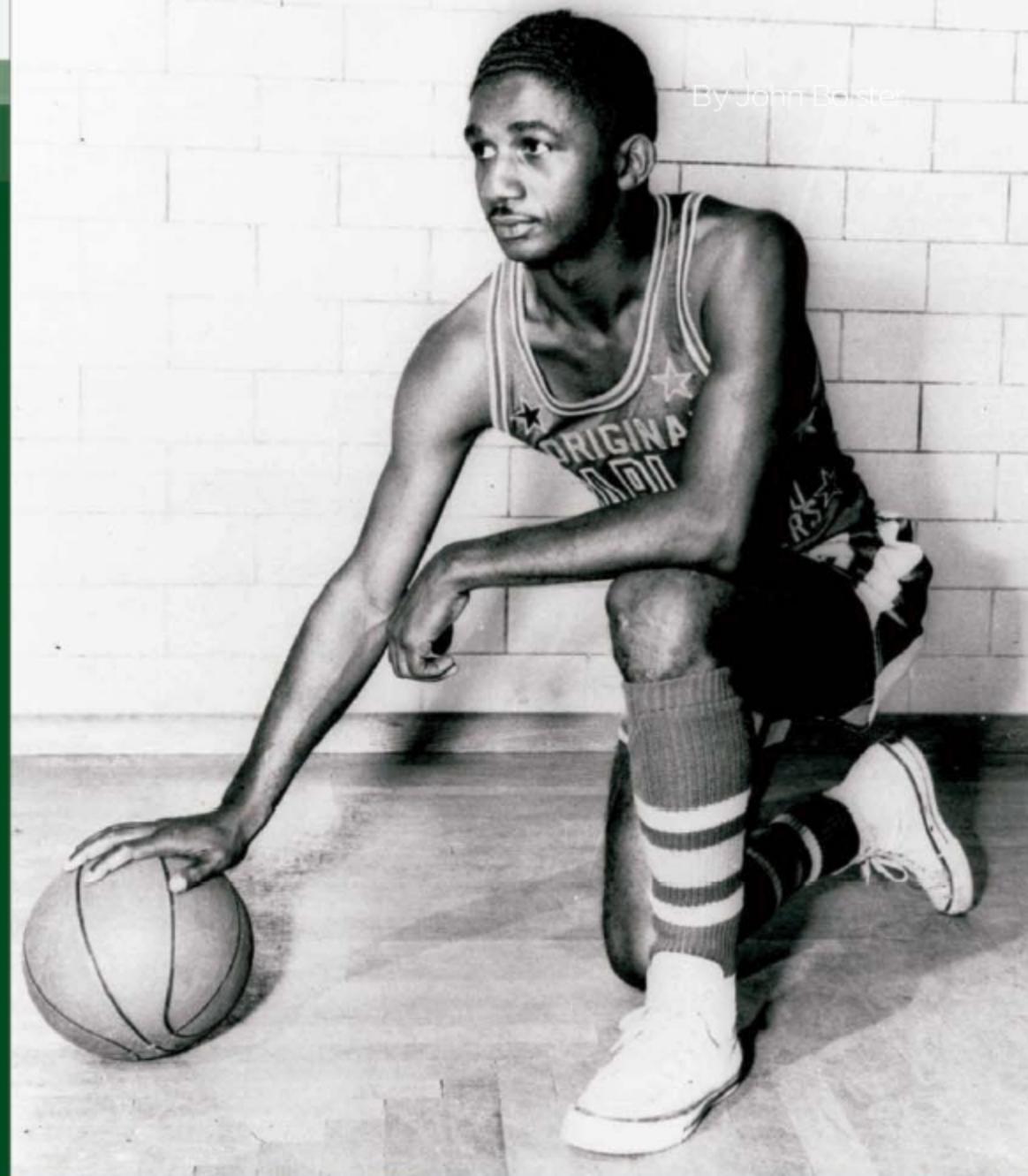
■ The roles of showman and dribbler extraordinaire—which became Globetrotter staples—originated with Albert “Runt” Pullins and Inman “Big Jack” Jackson in 1939. They would be taken up in later years by Reece “Goose” Tatum and Marques Haynes, George “Meadowlark” Lemon and Fred “Curly” Neal, et al.

■ The Globetrotters’ first manager, Abe Saperstein, chose the Harlem moniker in 1930 because Harlem was the epicenter of African-American culture at the time and he thought it gave the team an exotic aura. The Trotters didn’t play a game in Harlem until 1968.



■ From 1953 to 1995, the Washington Generals “lost” more than 13,000 games to the Trotters.

■ In a 1995 episode of *The Simpsons*, Krusty the Klown bet \$5,000 against the Globetrotters, telling his financial adviser, “I thought the Generals were due!”



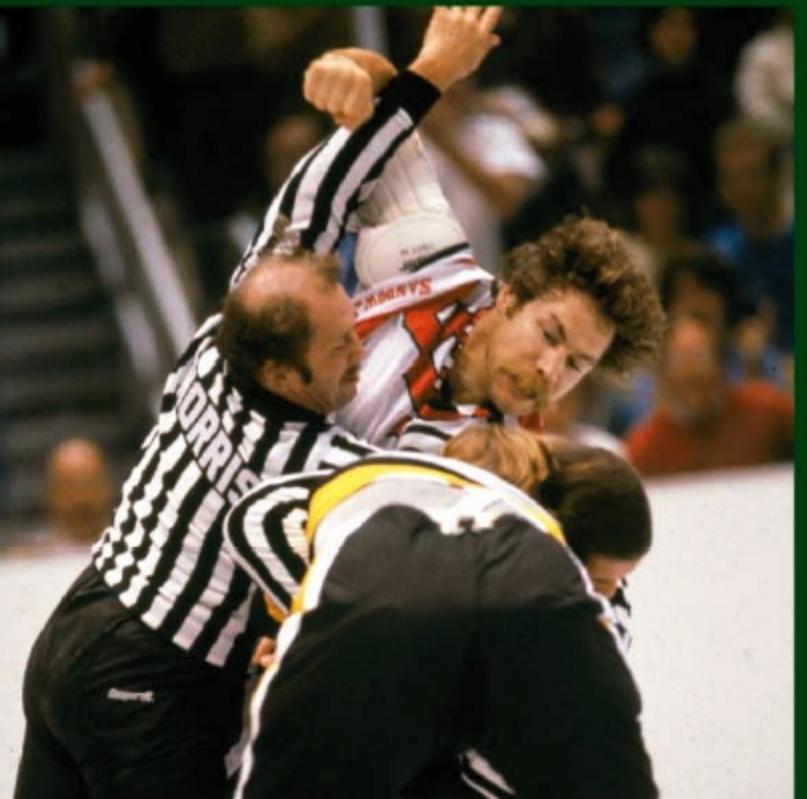
Haynes (top) set up the final shot against the Lakers in 1948, after Tatum (above, in hat) had battled Mikan all game long; Lemon (inset) was the Trotters’ “Clown Prince” from 1955 to 1980.

Gametime Penthouse Hall of Fame

Parts of his career may have looked like outtakes from *Slap Shot*, but Boston Bruins winger John Wensink was the real deal.

The twenty-first-century corollary to Casey Stengel's famous dictum "You could look it up" is "You can see it on YouTube." And so it is with the most famous moment in John Wensink's career. Punch his name into a search engine and see for yourself: After an epic brawl in a 1977 game against the Minnesota North Stars, Wensink skated over to the Minnesota bench and challenged the entire team to a fight. Just called out the whole bench. That moment cemented Wensink's status as a tough guy, but it's not the only reason he makes the Penthouse Hall of Fame. Wensink could also play. He produced 36 points for that season's Bruins, who lost to Montreal in the Stanley Cup finals. The following year, Wensink racked up 28 goals and 18 assists as Boston reached the NHL semifinals. He never won a Cup, but with his trademark Afro, gusto for mixing it up, and scrappy skills, Wensink is an affectionate icon of old-time hockey.

Wensink challenged the entire Minnesota bench to a fight in 1977.



Beyond the Brackets

NCAA hoops pick 'em pools are all well and good, but if you want to step up the madness a notch, check out this NCAA tourney game sent in by two *Penthouse* readers.

By Michael J. Kistler and Irving Haight

Back in 1992, when we were in high school, we had a social studies teacher who considered it one of his missions in life to introduce us to the world of sports gambling. Sure, he glossed over the Dred Scott decision and the Lend-Lease Act, but he made generous use of class time overseeing various sports-gambling enterprises—and the NCAA basketball tournament was his specialty. One year he created a March Madness pool in which each of us was allotted 2,000 points; he acted

as the bookie and we placed bets against the spread for each game. The next year, he introduced us to a game we liked so much we're still playing it, 16 years later. He called it a "players pool," and it's essentially a fantasy league for the NCAA tournament. It's easy to set up, simple to execute, and guaranteed to add even more pure chewing satisfaction to your March Madness experience.

Setup

The pool works best with six to eight guys, who each draft between six and eight players. (Drafting about 50 players works well. More than that and the pool is diluted. You don't want guys on your team who won't get stats.) A few years ago, we added a mandatory "wild card" pick, one player who must be from a team seeded 12th or lower. It's a cool wrinkle that has worked out well.

Scoring

Each player gets one point for every point he scores, two points for each rebound, and two for each assist. We kept the scoring system pretty simple because when we started this, the Internet was in its infancy and it was hard to get the stats. You either had to copy them from the newspaper or hope that your 2400 dial-up connection on AOL 1.0 was working. Plus, it makes it easier to evaluate the players and track the whole thing while still downing car bombs at the sports bar. But the Internet being what it is now, you can add stats like steals, blocks, turnovers, etc., if you want. (And if you can master an Excel spreadsheet, keeping score is as easy as picking a one seed over a 16.)

Winning

Total points wins. Drafting guys who will get stats and who are also on teams that will go deep into the tourney is an art, believe us: One or two upsets can knock you out early. On the other hand, there are years like 2003, when we selected a freshman from Syracuse and an unheralded junior from Marquette, and got laughed out of the draft. But after Carmelo Anthony and Dwyane Wade had their teams in the Final Four, we were the only ones laughing.

The pool is essentially a fantasy league for the NCAA tournament. We added a mandatory "wild card" pick—one player from a team seeded 12th or lower.





Hibbert and Georgetown are bound to be high seeds, but what about those diamonds in the NCAA rough?

MAD MEN

You know about the blue-chippers, and you won't overlook them in your draft. It's those under-the-radar guys you need tips on. Here are 15 to watch:

- 1 DEMETRIC BENNETT
South Alabama
- 2 JON BROCKMAN
Washington
- 3 TIM CLIFFORD
Holy Cross
- 4 STEPHEN CURRY
Davidson
- 5 CHRIS DANIELS
Texas A&M-Corpus Christi
- 6 WILL DANIELS
Rhode Island
- 7 J.R. GIDDENS
New Mexico
- 8 ALEX HARRIS
UC-Santa Barbara
- 9 MATT KINGSLEY
Stephen F. Austin
- 10 COURTNEY LEE
Western Kentucky
- 11 ERIC MAYNOR
Virginia Commonwealth
- 12 ROBERT MCKIVER
Houston
- 13 BRIAN ROBERTS
Dayton
- 14 JASON THOMPSON
Rider
- 15 ROBERT VADEN
Alabama-Birmingham

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP) AL TIELEMANS/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; OPPOSITE PAGE BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) B. BENNETT/GETTY IMAGES, ANDY LYONS/GETTY

O

f all the disciplines you've raced in your career, which is your favorite?

Every one is so different. In NASCAR, we have the 43 best racecar drivers and teams competing every weekend. And then something like the Dakar Rally is more of an organizational, attention-to-detail kind of race. You have to be so prepared.

A lot of Americans aren't familiar with the Dakar Rally. What's that race like? You race on pavement, dirt, sand dunes, lake beds. It's not like anything we do here. We have off-road races in our country, where we run 400- or 500-mile races in Arizona or Nevada, but we don't have the Sahara Desert. There are sections in the Dakar Rally where we're wide open for three hours in the desert. It's quite the race.

What vehicle do you run at Dakar?

We run Hummers for Hummer's off-road racing team, which is sponsored by Monster Energy drink.

Speaking of sponsors, Jim Beam is now your primary NASCAR sponsor.

How do you take your bourbon?

Well, I'm gonna start by saying that if you're gonna drink your bourbon, drink smart. Pay attention to what you do, and give your keys to somebody else or take a cab.

That's good advice. How 'bout a good bourbon cocktail?

We mix up a little bit of bourbon and some Monster, and that makes a High Beam. Bourbon and soda is also good.

You've raced in the Indy 500 and the Daytona 500. How do they compare?

They are two different animals, even though they're both 500 miles. Indy is more of a sprint race. Daytona is longer because with the restrictor plates, there are more crashes. It takes time to clear the cars. You gotta ride along at Daytona. We've seen Dale Jarrett do it quite a lot, where he rode around at the back and come 15 laps to go, he's in the lead pack. It's important to be around at the end.

You're a bit of a NASCAR outlaw. Do you ever wish you'd been alive during

Q+A: Robby Gordon

Robby Gordon, one of the most versatile drivers in motor sports, has raced off-road, sports car, open-wheel, and NASCAR, where he's been no stranger to controversy in his 14-year career.

the bootlegging early days?

[Laughs] I definitely came into NASCAR 20 years too late, for sure—or maybe 40 years too late. But I enjoy it; it's some of the closest competition I've ever raced against.

Can Jimmie Johnson pull off a three-peat and win in 2008?

Both Jimmie and [his crew chief] Chad Knaus—I got a lot of respect for what they do. Those two guys are *on their game*. The rest of us are just following in their tracks right now.

Who are the leading challengers to the title?

Hendrick Motorsports has the stars right now. So it's gonna be everybody else trying to knock them off. We're gonna work hard. I promise you that nobody will work harder. And it's a team; it's not one person. From the girl who answers the phone at the front door to the guy who drives the hauler to the race track—everybody is involved with this deal. That's what Jimmie and Chad have done: They've built a good team.

"Mix bourbon and some Monster Energy drink, that makes a High Beam."



Cleavage Alert

Bachelor Party Redux

Forget Tom Hanks—this new DVD original injects a double-D cup of raunch into the sex comedy classic.

By Daniel Nemet-Nejat





A smarmy guy wearing a blue blazer and jeans leads four guys and an adolescent boy onto the terrace of an opulent Miami Beach penthouse suite and says, "Gentlemen, say hello to my little friends," as he gestures toward four bikini-clad women posing seductively on a four-poster bed. "Gudentag," sing-songs one woman. Quick introductions take place, then the men are pulled on top of the girls. Seth, a Woody Allen-type, undeterred by the gigantic casts he wears on both arms, shoves his face into the women's chests.

"Cut!" yells James Ryan, the boyish director. This is day 18 of the whirlwind 25-day shoot for *Bachelor Party 2: The Last Temptation*, the follow-up to the 1984 ode to premarital high jinks that made Tom Hanks a star.

"I was addicted to movies like *Spring Break* and *Porky's* and *Revenge of the Nerds*—the real raunchy sex comedies," says producer Jason Shuman (*Daddy Day Camp*), who thought the best way to revive the genre was to remake one of the classics. After striking a deal with Fox, Shuman hired his film-school buddy Ryan, a former *Project Greenlight* finalist, to rewrite a pre-existing draft and direct this remake with new characters and a fresh take on the bachelor-party theme. (Trivia time: There's already a *Bachelor Party 2*. It's a 1994 Ron Jeremy porno.) "Someone had written a version that tried to tie it to [the original], but it was a little too much like, 'Tom Hanks' nephew's getting married,'" says Ryan in his best coming-attractions voice.

Still, the story has a familiar ring: An everyman, Ron (Josh Cooke), gets engaged to his dream girl (Sara Foster). Her brother-in-law Todd (Warren Christie), who wants to retain his favorite son-in-law status in the family business, stages a debauchery-filled weekend, hoping the ever-escalating temptation will derail the nuptials. The hired seductress who comes closest to sealing the deal is Emmanuelle Vaugier (*Saw II*), who pours on the "gorgeous girl who just happens to be a sports fan" charm. Sadly, she's one of the only actresses to not get topless.

The cast also includes Greg Pitts, the "O-face" guy from *Office Space*. (Yes, the actor gets asked to do the "O-face" off-set—a lot. "It's mainly drunk college guys," he says. "I'm not gonna show them the face I make when I come. Then a girl will ask and I oblige.") He plays Ron's buddy Jason and sports those T-shirts with the sexual innuendos that offend most women, which tells you pretty much all you need to know about his character. Lucky for him, Jason is the cure for what ails several women attending a sex-addicts convention, and their standards are low. Harland Williams, a stand-up comic perhaps best known as the hitchhiker/inventor of "six-minute abs" in *There's Something About Mary*, is in Ron's posse as well, playing the group's most anti-marriage—though oft-married—member. He ends up bringing his teenage son along for the ride. (The alternative was staying home with the kid, and as he puts it to Ron, "The chicks in South Beach aren't gonna fuck themselves.")

The cast's off-camera chemistry is hard to distinguish from their raunchy interplay in front of it. Producer Jeff Freilich (TV's *Burn Notice*) says that while it's not unusual for actors to have strained relationships, "you can't separate these guys with a crowbar." Boone adds, "There are a lot of bits on this set, and my favorite is the 'uncomfortably close male friend.'" He gladly demonstrates, his face an inch from mine. Other running gags are what Pitts dubs "the face rape," when a person rubs his hand all over someone else's face, and Williams tricking fellow actors into blowing their cues (that one's less popular with the crew).

OUR REVIEW

BP2: The Last Temptation captures the balls-to-the-wall tits and action at the kind of final-fling weekend you both crave and fear, with hot Nazi backpackers and a sex-addicts convention thrown in for the hell of it. The movie is raunchy, raucous, laugh-out-loud hilarious, and ripe with opportunities for drinking games. Plus, prior to the seen-it-but-still-funny humiliation for the groom, there are decent party tips. Keepers: stripper flight attendants, booze in a water gun, strip golf with busty caddies getting topless. Under "don't try this at home": getting rid of an erection with a hot-tub filter.—Barbara Rice Thompson



During the hot-body-contest dance-off (below), Pitts ultimately rips off his boxers in front of hundreds of extras.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KAREEM BLACK/GETTY



While the production has taken full advantage of its Miami locale—Freilich duly notes the 300 to 500 bikini-wearing extras—so has the cast, regularly partying into the wee hours. "We get kind of caught up in, 'Hey we're on spring break,'" says Pitts. He excitedly mentions that a local stripper who worked on the film invited them out with her "really fun friends." He adds, "I don't know if I read stripper code, but if I had to take a wild guess, they're probably strippers."

Leading the after-hours brigade is Danny Jacobs, who is the antithesis of his nebbishy injured character Seth. The rest of the cast has dubbed him "DAD," for Danny After Dark. Though loath to divulge details—"what happens at nighttime has to stay at nighttime"—Jacobs offers that "there's a lot of accosting and general mayhem and madness. I'm not proud of it, but what are you going to do? I can't help myself sometimes." When pressed, he says, "One funny thing—it's kind of weird—Warren's impregnated three women since he's been here. He had to escort them to the abortion center. Really awkward." He continues, "Greg got crabs. [But] there were just two and they were soft-shell, so it was all right." Jacobs is kidding, of course. I think.

High jinks aside, the producers believe that what keeps the movie from being a warmed-over retread is its ability to go further than the original. "I think 20-some-odd years difference in morality and the way we tell stories makes this a much better picture," Freilich says. "That picture was really edgy for the time. But they were limited by the morality of the world and the fact that it was pre-DVD. It was in the early days of videocassettes, so it was going to have to be a hit at the box office. They had to be a little more conservative. We're trying to break every barrier we can without taking it into the realm of an X-rated picture."

Numerous scenes support his claim, most notably the hot-body-contest dance-off between Pitts and a female spring breaker, which the producers and cast list as their favorite. Pitts does a choreographed routine—"one of the nastiest dances you'll ever see a guy his size do," says Freilich—ultimately ripping off his boxers in front of hundreds of extras. Explaining his willingness to bare himself for his art, Pitts says, "Lately, it seems like there are a lot of comedy actors that are nude on film. And I figure, these guys are a lot bigger and more popular, and if they're doing it and people are enjoying it, maybe it's just my little rite of passage to join the fraternity."

Perhaps the best example of the movie's envelope-pushing, and something you definitely haven't seen before, is the subplot involving the German girls, many of whose scenes, we're happy to report, were shot the afternoon *Penthouse* was on set. After their introduction on the bed, the guys carouse with the frauleins, unwittingly singing a pro-Hitler drinking song. (You'd think the "Heils" would've tipped them off.) After discovering that one girl has highlighted a copy of the Führer's *Mein Kampf*, a flustered Seth tries to convince his buddies that the ladies are Nazis. Ryan, who came up with this idea, refers to the girls as "Hot-zis." The humor, says Shuman, comes from Seth's conflict between his outrage and his libido. In the end, says Shuman, Seth sleeps with her, justifying it to his buddies thusly: "I'm a self-hating Jew."

"It's such a wacky trip from beginning to end," Freilich says about *BP2*. "It manages to successfully—and in a very funny way—insult every race, nationality, religion, and sexual preference in such an even way that I don't think any single group is going to be offended by it." We'll give him that, but what's really important is that this bachelor party is chock-full of hot chicks with great racks baring their boobalicious beauty.

The Modern Con Man

"Do unto others... then run." That's the motto behind a new book that separates the world into the Deceivers and the Deceived. There's no shame in wanting to be one of the Deceived, but in that case, you might as well skip this article. But if, like the creators of this book, you'd rather be predator than prey—enjoy!

*By Todd Robbins & the Modern Conman Collective
Illustration by Mick Coulas*

Most modern con men, yourself included, are not likely to crisscross the country, surviving on wit, instinct, and a newfound knowledge of scamming free drinks. Chances are, you're going to have to go to work. Here are not only some real-world employment tips, but also ways that the modern con-man lifestyle can come in handy after you've punched out.

ELECTRONICS STORE CLERK

I love working the television department because those things got so many controls. It's not like a video game or some CD, which is either good or just sucks, and either way, completely out of my control. TVs come with settings! I make the cheaper ones look like crap—too dark, too contrasty, too washed-out, whatev—then set the more expensive ones to ideal settings. I can talk up the cheap sets all I want, play the customer a little by saying they're not that bad, but in the end the picture quality moves the buyer to where I want them.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** Hey, when you go out to meet girls with a friend, do you bring the best looking guy you know? Or do you want to be the one getting the attention? Well, that's my attitude when I work the floor... and when I walk out the door.

GRAPHIC DESIGNER

When I design catalogs or brochures for events, the most important thing is whether or not there's a section of paid advertising in the back. If so, I tell the client I'll do their job for free as long as I get a full page for myself in the back section. They say fine, as they were expecting to have to go out of pocket for getting the thing designed. Then all I do is break the page into

NO "A" IN SUCKER

Here's an easy way to make someone else beat your friend in a simple wager.

■ WHAT IT'S GOOD FOR

The double bonus of meeting a girl and making your friend seem like a dope

■ WHAT YOU NEED

Two people

■ THE BET

Bet your buddy that the girl will be able to say 50 words that don't include the letter a—in under 20 seconds and without any planning. Even the girl, when you finally explain the bet to her, will be doubtful of her ability to pull that off. Which will make her appreciate you more when she does.

■ WHAT YOU DO

1. So that your buddy doesn't hear, whisper these three words to her: "Count to 50."
2. Okay, you might want to add a fourth word: "Quickly!"

■ WHAT'S THE SECRET

No spelled-out number between one and 999 has an a in it. (And don't be one of those dopes who incorrectly puts an "and" in numbers like 112.)

If you want to eliminate the 20-second limit, you can even say you can rattle off a thousand words without the letter a. Just count to 1,000—making sure that after 999, you finish with the word "Done."





eight sections and sell off the space myself to other businesses. Usually it ends up double what I would've made.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** Life's a flea market. No one knows for sure what the value is of anything. Same goes for you. Walk into a bar and it's up to you to let people know how valuable you are, otherwise they'll set your worth themselves. And since no one knows, by all means exaggerate.

DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN

I sell meat door-to-door and I have this move called the "Turn-and-Talk." See, I keep my meat in the truck, and I figure if I can get the customer to the truck, I can make the sale. It's getting them out of the doorway that's the biggest hurdle. So what I do is, while I'm talking, I turn and begin walking to the truck ... and I don't stop what I'm saying when I go. Often the customer will step out to listen and follow to hear what I'm saying. Next thing they know, they're looking at my meat.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** How's that apply to life outside the profession? If you wait for someone's approval, it might not come. Assume someone's interested in you and you'd be surprised how often that'll make it come true.

TELEMARKETER

Encyclopedias on CD-ROM are my beat. More often than not, the wife answers the phone. I find the easiest way for a woman to get off the phone is to say she'd have to consult with her husband since it is a rather hefty cost. My go-to response is "I understand. But does your husband consult with you whenever he has to have the car looked at? As the man of the house, I'm sure he has financial things he takes responsibility for. This is about your kids and their education. As the woman of the house, do you really need his approval for that?"

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** If you want someone to say yes, make them feel like no is just a reflection of their own weakness, insecurity, or fear. It applies to almost anything, anywhere.

CAR SALESMAN

Everyone knows we've marked up prices, but no one knows how much. So I can keep repeating "the absolute lowest I can go" as much as I want. I'll even go lower than "my absolute lowest" just for you. I make you feel like you're getting a deal—an *insane* deal, a deal in which I'm barely making *anything* anymore—when in fact I'm totally not sweating it. I do this sort of thing all the time.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** You gotta say you don't want to do something even if you do. Pretend you can't do something even when you're planning on doing it ... like, "You're only free on Thursday? Shoot, I already have plans for Thursday ... but you

THE POSEIDON

You already have a deck of cards. Would it kill you to know one damn trick that doesn't totally suck?

■ WHAT IT'S GOOD FOR

Breaking the tension and looking amazing in the process

■ WHAT YOU NEED

A deck of cards

■ WHAT YOU DO

1. Fan the cards and have the mark select one.
2. Turn your back so he can show the card around.
3. Turn to face him again and have him slide the card, facedown, back into the deck, somewhere in the middle.
4. Ask the mark to look you in the eye and say some magic word, like "orgasm."
5. Once your mark says it, spread the deck out. Your mark's card will be the only one faceup in the deck.
6. Remove the card and start a religion.

■ WHAT'S THE SECRET

1. When you turn your back to the group and they're looking at his card, you square up the deck—turn the deck upside down and turn the top card facedown.
2. You then turn around and face your public. The deck will look like all the cards are facedown, but that ain't the case. Only the top card is. All the cards under it are faceup.
3. Now we're at the point where the mark slides the chosen card facedown into the deck, looks you dead in the eye, and utters the magic word. While the mark is in a stare-down with you, he is *not looking at the deck*. That's when you casually flip the deck over so the top is now the bottom. (Hence the name *Poseidon*—the deck is upside-down.) It helps to dip the deck down as you ask them for the magic word. This takes the heat off the deck.
4. All that's left to do: Don't let the bottom card show as you're spreading out the deck to reveal that faceup card.

■ IMPORTANT NOTE

You want to avoid looking like you can do sleight of hand, as this will scare off the marks in the following hands of poker. But you will come off as an innocent if you start this bit of conjuration with something like, "A guy once showed me how to do this trick. I think I remember it. Let me give it a try ..." And even though I said this trick doesn't suck, it will suck if you try to do it with one of those decks that has pictures of puppy dogs and kitties or flowers on it. You need a real deck of cards that has a white border on the back of the cards. Most decks are like this. Basically, you want that border on the back because the edges of the cards need to look the same faceup and facedown.

If you want someone to say yes, make them feel like no is just a reflection of their own weakness, insecurity, or fear.

THE CALLING CARD CON

Talk about a win-win scenario: This scam lets you win a bet and score all sorts of points with your girlfriend. Why? You're encouraging her to tell people how strong your relationship is, and she gets to pursue a favorite hobby: talking on the phone!

WHAT IT'S GOOD FOR

Showing up a boring couple when you're on a double date

WHAT YOU NEED

A deck of cards
A cellphone

WHAT YOU DO

1. You're with another couple. The con goes into effect when you excuse yourself from the group—men's room, jukebox, round of drinks, change in the meter.
2. As soon as you're gone, your girl starts gushing about your relationship. She's never had this sort of bond with anyone. It's like you can read each other's minds. In fact, she can prove it.
3. The girl produces a deck of cards. (What modern con woman doesn't always have a deck of cards with her?) She bets the couple that if they pick a card, any card, and show it to her, that she can call you on the phone and you will correctly guess the card.
4. After your girl has seen the card, she places the call to you and says, "I'm thinking of a card that [friend's name] chose."
5. Since she's the only one who can hear your voice, you can clearly—and slowly—say, "Hearts. Clubs. Diamonds. Spades."
6. As soon as you've said the correct suit, your girlfriend should cut you off, saying, "I'm sending you a mental image of the card."
7. Now you clearly, slowly say, "Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Jack. Queen. King. Ace."
8. As soon as you've said the correct number or face card, she should cut you off again. "Have you received the image? I'm putting [friend's name] on the line."
9. You magically say the correct card to him.
10. If you want to try this with a girl you just met, congrats. You've just exchanged phone numbers.

know what, I don't want to miss the chance. So let me see if I can reschedule my other thing ..." Do it with a smile, of course. You're happy to please. If you're happy to please others, they'll be happy to please you. People feel indebted when you seem to bend for them. So loosen up. My tip to you, whenever you can, pretend to bend.

INJURY ATTORNEY

If you're in a hospital with your spine being held together by duct tape and a brace and I show up, you know it's not just to hand you a get-well-soon card. I like that there is an immediate understanding. I'm looking for gain from your pain. This won't cost you a cent, but if we win, I'm taking a big piece. Nice to meetcha.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** If you get caught doing what you're doing, be up front. If you're hitting on a girl and she calls you on it, say, "Yep, you got me. I wanted to talk to you from the moment you walked in." The weirdest thing is, when you play things like you got nothing to hide, it actually makes you *more* mysterious. People, and I mean women, really dig that.

HOLLYWOOD AGENT

I have five lunch appointments every day, made a month ahead of time. The tide turns fast in this town, and I know that one of the five I'm set to meet with is going to have more mojo than the others. I want the hot person for lunch and sometimes you don't know who's got the heat till breakfast. My assistant has a lot of last-second apologies to make, but I don't just pay her to get my car cleaned, you know.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** There's no such thing as a sure thing. Even once you find your target—a girl who looks game, a sucker to challenge to pool, it doesn't matter—check out the rest of the room and find alternatives if something goes wrong. Be nice to everyone you encounter because not only are you looking for another chump at all times, you might need someone to have your back when the chips start flying.

HOUSE PAINTER

No matter how much I might be asking around for work, if I'm ever asked how I land clients, I always lie and claim it's from referrals and word of mouth. "I honestly don't know how to get new clients. The work's been coming to me for the past few years. I'm kinda embarrassed to say it, but I hardly have to work to get work." It gets them every time.

► **Tip to the Modern Con Man:** The cliché is true, even socially. If you act like you don't need or want it, people are quicker to give it to you. 



Copyright © 2008 by Joytank LLC. To be published by Bloomsbury USA April 2008. Reprinted with the permission of the publisher.



The Gift of Gab

He's Howard Stern's successor in Los Angeles and has done TV, radio, and animation. Now Adam Carolla is trying his hand at a feature film.

By John Bolster

Adam Carolla talks for a living, and he's good at it. He brings to mind that John Lennon quote in *The Departed*: "I'm an artist. You give me a fucking tuba, I'll get you something out of it." So it is with Carolla and his gift of gab: Give him a topic, any topic, and he'll make something out of it. Something witty, insightful, expansive, wiseass, and guaranteed to make you chuckle, if not laugh out loud.

Carolla got his start in show business in 1994 as Jimmy Kimmel's boxing instructor. He was swinging a hammer as a \$15-an-hour carpenter and giving boxing lessons at Bodies in Motion, a Pasadena gym that he'd helped build. Kimmel, then known as KROQ's "Jimmy the Sports Guy," was preparing for a boxing match with another radio personality. They hit it off, and Kimmel asked Carolla to appear on KROQ. Thus began Carolla's ascent—he did the relationship call-in show *Loveline* with Dr. Drew Pinsky, *The Man Show* with Kimmel, briefly hosted his own late-night talk show, had a home-improvement show on TLC, and, in 2006, took over Howard Stern's radio slot in L.A.

Carolla's foray into leading-man territory is the semiautobiographical flick *The Hammer*, culled from the scrappy, pre-showbiz period of Carolla's life. The film is consistently funny and entertaining, and features a winning debut by Carolla's longtime pal from construction work, Oswaldo Castillo. *The Hammer* comes out on March 7, but it's far from the only thing on Carolla's mind these days. No matter what we put in front of him, he made something out of it. And then some.

ON BREAKING INTO FEATURE FILMS

"I've spent the last ten years watching Adam Sandler and Rob Schneider and Dane Cook make movies and going, 'I think I could handle that.' Which is not a knock on those guys. It's just, you look at it and think, *I could do that*. And artistically, I thought it'd be fun. But I didn't know the answer was going to be no. I didn't know everyone was gonna go, 'What makes you think you can do what Rob Schneider does?' I didn't even know that that was on the list of possibilities. It's like you're standing in the gymnasium and you see a guy do a crappy somersault or a fucked-up cartwheel and you say to the gymnastics coach, 'I think I can do one of those,' and he says, 'Whoa! Whoa! Slow down!'"

ON MOVIE ACTING VERSUS STAND-UP AND TALK SHOWS

"The acting stuff—it's easier than anything I've done. People are snobs in this town when it comes to that. In 1999 I cohosted the Billboard Music Awards with Kathy Griffin at the MGM—it's a

Adam's Ribs

Carolla takes aim at three March institutions.

St. Patrick's Day

"I'm from North Hollywood, so growing up I didn't even know what St. Patrick's Day was. I didn't know any Irish guys. Or, if I did, I don't think they knew they were Irish. There were a handful of Jews and Mexicans and then—white. It wasn't like, 'Hey man, are you Welsh?' Or, 'Are you Irish or Italian?' 'No, I think I'm white—and I'm not Jewish.' St. Patrick's Day is a total East Coast thing. But we have Cinco de Mayo, which is the same thing: People get loaded and worship some sort of Catholic statue."



Spring break

"I didn't go to college, so I didn't exactly go to Panama Beach. But the beauty of spring break now is that every drunken frat guy has a cellphone with a video camera. We can now live vicariously through them. Spring break has evolved from Sandra Dee and Gidget meeting a couple of secretly gay actors at the sock hop and exchanging glances to the full-blown hard-core houseboat porn that is going on at Lake Havasu—two strippers are going down on each other and there are 400 guys gathered around them like a cockfight. If Gidget and Sandra Dee saw five minutes of that footage, they would picture some sort of apocalyptic future—'Oh dear God, what has happened to our country?'"

March Madness

"I had no idea that Notre Dame was in Indiana for the first 25 years I was watching Notre Dame play USC. I didn't know where any of these colleges were. And forget about the March Madness schools—the Georgetowns and the Seton Halls—I don't know what country those are in. It's a cultural thing. Let's put it this way: There were a hell of a lot more Steelers and Dallas fans in my high school than there were Rams fans."



17,000-seat venue. If you said to most people, 'You gotta go up onstage in front of 17,000 people and deliver a bunch of jokes,' they'd be scared shitless. But if you said to people, 'You need to stand in a room in front of six or eight familiar faces and deliver something—but don't worry, if you screw up, you can do it again. And if you fuck that one up, you can do it again, and then if you're *really* fucking up, we'll take part of the first one and then we'll edit it together with the end part of the fifth one that you got right.' Well, how tall an order is that? There's a scene in this movie—we got Oswaldo's *upstairs neighbor* to come down and play the guy who's selling flowers at the entrance ramp to the 405. There's no such thing as that in stand-up. It's not like, 'Hey man, Seinfeld can't perform.' 'Uhh, let me call my neighbor. He can probably do a tight 45 minutes.'"

ON HIS HAMMER COSTAR OSWALDO CASTILLO, WHO'D NEVER ACTED BEFORE

"Oswaldo is in front of my house right now putting cement into the driveway, filling cracks. I would love for him to get some work out of the movie, but here's the thing: I knew Ozzy had a certain likable quality. I knew that would come through. And this was his story as well, and nobody could play Ozzy better than Ozzy. But I'm not so sure he'd work out in the role of Othello or Hamlet. But I hope he gets some stuff coming his way after this. Peter Berg [*Friday Night Lights*], who's a friend of mine, saw one of the rough cuts, and he really loved the movie. He said, 'Wow, the casting of Oswaldo was amazing.' As if he were a pro, as if you were gonna

"Jim Brown is the only guy who's successfully made it into his sixties without his sleeves. The guy's like a Clydesdale that gets stronger as the years wear on."

see Ozzy standing out in the lobby afterward wearing an ascot with an English accent saying, 'Quite.'"

ON ROCKY

"That movie gets tons of praise heaped on it, but it is plodding and slower than shit. I mean, nothing happens for like an hour and a half of that movie. It was 95 minutes of foreplay, and then the crescendo at the end. Not a bad movie, but *Raging Bull*—that's a much more superior product."

ON WHICH ACTORS HAVE MADE CONVINCING ON-SCREEN BOXERS

"DeNiro looked great in *Raging Bull*—the black and white, with all the smoke and the flashbulbs popping. Denzel Washington looked good in *The Hurricane*. And Stallone, in a way-over-the-top, 'roided-out, spray-on-tan theatrical way, wasn't bad. Then, of course, you've got the greatest of them all—you've got your Clubber Lang, Mr. T. You can't beat Mr. T in his prime—although once you're closing in on your 60th birthday and beat cancer, I'd say it's time to put some sleeves back on. The sweat-jacket T—it's kind of scary seeing him now. Jim Brown is the only guy who's successfully made it into his sixties without his sleeves and still pulls it off. By the way, is there a scarier 72-year-old than Jim Brown? The guy is like a Clydesdale that gets stronger as the years wear on."

ON HIS PARENTS AND THEIR EFFECT ON HIS WORK ETHIC

"I used my folks as a negative role model. I just decided to do the opposite of what they did, and that would be the key to success. It's kind of a mathematical equation. So I should thank my family. Sometimes I'll ask them, 'What would you do—would you rent the house or would you sell it?' And they go, 'Definitely sell the house.' And I think, *Great, I gotta go find a FOR RENT sign.*'"

ON SHOOTING A MOVIE RIGHT AFTER HAVING TWINS

"It's not hyperbole to say that the twins came home on a Thursday or a Friday, and we got started with the movie on the following Monday. I was six months into this replacing—Howard Stern radio clusterfuck that was nothing but a huge pain in my ass for the first year. So between the movie and the twins and the morning-radio show, it was a tough five-week shoot. I was doing radio from 6 A.M. to about noon, and then I would do the movie from noon to about eight o'clock, but that eventually started going into ten o'clock and then midnight. It really became a hectic schedule. On one hand, I look back on it with fond memories, but on the other hand, I remember trying to wrap a scene in a carpentry supply store in Van Nuys at 10:45 P.M. When you get up at 4:45 every morning, you just hear that clock ticking out loud. It's like 'The Tell-Tale Heart': *Tick... Tick... Tick...* You're standing there surrounded by equipment, and it's '*Tick... Tick...*' Then the camera guy says, 'Yeah, battery's dead. I gotta go out to the van.' I would literally run to my car and speed home every night."

ON HOW ACTING ACTUALLY CAN BE HARD

"The acting part of it was one thing, but the real calorie-burner was being the custodian of the film. Not that there weren't a whole bunch of other people who worked really hard—and the movie couldn't have been made without them. But what made it difficult for me was not only being in every scene, but also being the technical consultant for the boxing and carpentry stuff, and because it was kind of my story. It wasn't the kind of thing where I could say, 'I'm gonna be in my trailer getting high. Somebody come get me when you're set up for the next shoot.' It sounds like I'd be on some sort of ego joyride, but the reality is that if I ever do another movie, I would love to be the main guy's scene-stealing sidekick who pops up at strategic times, but doesn't do every fucking thing in the movie." 





coming uproses

You might recognize Bree Olson from the *Penthouse* films *Just a Girl* and *My Imaginary Life*, but this 21-year-old sex kitten from Indiana is just as appealing in still life.

Photographs by Dean Capture and Gunter Stone

"Now that I've traveled the world, I realize Indiana has the best people I've ever met. My hometown in Indy is a great community with lots of green, beautiful open land."









"I'm a Libra, but I don't believe in all that jazz. I think astrological signs are bologna. I should put cheese on it and have it for lunch."



"I once did a shoot with a girl who was really nervous, so I kept whispering in her ear all the naughty things I wanted to do to her. Finally, I couldn't contain myself and I kissed her. She kissed me back—score!"



"I'm fascinated by exotic dancers. I go to clubs and memorize their moves, then try them at home. Getting into the porn biz was a no-brainer for me. I like an audience—the more people watching me, the more I get into getting down."



Q Bree Olson

Pet of the Month
March 2008

Vital stats:

21 years old, 5'3"
34D-26-32

Favorite sport:
Mountain biking

Hottest movie sex scene:
My scenes in the *Penthouse* DVDs!

Favorite food:
Ukrainian—my mom is from Ukraine

Pet peeve:
L.A. traffic. I have the worst lead foot ever.

Were you a wild teenager?
I think we all had our moments. I was very well known in high school.

What gets you excited?
Sexually? Everything! It doesn't take much to get me excited!

Would you rather lose the ability to have orgasms or your right arm?
Orgasms, because without my right arm, how would I masturbate? Wait, that wouldn't work out. Man, I hate hypotheticals!

Bree Olson

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF BREE, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/BREEOLSON.

CALL ME!
1-800-799-PETT
(1-800-799-7388)
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER.
COST: \$1.99 TO \$2.99/MINUTE



THE BIG RIP

OF A BREEF OF A SON
MARCH 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



OH-11 BREE OLSON
MARCH 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Spy Games

Technology makes it easy for anyone—the government, your boss, your girl—to track your every move, and it's more insidious than a private eye photographing you at a no-tell motel. Find out who's watching you, and how you can stay under the radar.

By Kara Wahlgren

KEYSTROKE LOGGING

It's plain and simple—software can track every keystroke you make in every application.

► **Biggest Threat: Your boss.** You should worry if your keystrokes add up to a job application or the phrase *My boss is a dick*. BTW, IM'ing "ck out tits on blond in acct" to your buddy down the hall will show up, too. And your employer has zero obligation to warn you if the software's installed. "The law says it's the employer's machine and the employer's system, so the employer can set the rules," says Peter Swire, a law professor at Ohio State University and Senior Fellow at the Center for American Progress.

► **Outsmart It: Bring your laptop to the office.** Your boss can't install software on it without your knowledge. But if you log on to the company network, your viewing history can still be tracked. A safer bet? "They probably don't log the keystrokes on your cellphone," Swire hints. If you need to job hunt or send sensitive e-mails during the workday, use a BlackBerry.

CELLPHONE GPS

The GPS device in newer phones can pinpoint your exact location and relay it to the phone company, all in the name of emergency response, of course: Dial 911 in the middle of nowhere and someone can still find you. "But if you don't want to be found," Swire warns, "the same technology may leave a trail."

► **Biggest Threat: Your girl.** With a cheap subscription to a Website like AccuTracking.com, she can keep a permanent eye on your whereabouts. If your blip spends half an hour in the no-tell-motel parking lot, you're screwed. Presumably twice.

► **Outsmart It: Go off the radar.** If you're making an ill-advised side trip—say, stopping at a bar during a sales call—"shut your phone off," says Bill Scannell, a privacy expert at the Identity Project at PaperPlease.org. "A cellphone is a transmitter."

ELECTRONIC DATA RECORDERS

They monitor your vehicle's performance before and during a crash. Basically, it's a black box for your car—and kryptonite for your best excuses. You weren't doing the speed limit. Your brakes were working just fine. And yes, they also know you were in the middle of changing the radio station to Lite FM when you plowed into that parked Lexus.

► **Biggest Threat: Cops.** "It's harder to make a foolproof alibi than it used to be," Swire cautions. That's because EDRs can be presented as evidence in court. And if you'd like some more paranoia for the road, consider the possibilities: Someday EDRs could send your speed data directly to law enforcement officials or your insurance company.

► **Outsmart It: You can't.** EDRs can't be shut off, but knowing it's there could help you avoid nasty surprises. They could become standard within a few years, so before you buy new, ask your dealer whether your car is equipped with one. If it is, we've got two words for you—cruise control.

SMART SURVEILLANCE

High-tech security cameras can recognize suspicious activity (an abandoned backpack in an airport, hidden booty in your shopping cart, a trespasser hopping a fence) and alert authorities.

► **Biggest Threat: Traffic cops.** A growing number of police precincts are installing cruiser-mounted cameras that can read up to 900 license plates per minute and automatically spot stolen cars or one owned by a driver with an outstanding warrant. Unfortunately, that means you could get nicked for an expired registration even if you aren't driving like an asshole. "It's not 'Follow that car!' anymore," explains Bruce Schneier, chief technology officer of BT Counterpane and author of *Beyond Fear*. "It's 'Follow every car!'"

► **Outsmart It: Again, you can't.** "There is no solution," Schneier says. Just remember that you're fair game as soon as you leave your house and keep the petty crimes to a minimum.

ROVING BUGS

By transmitting a command to your cellphone, a remote source can switch on the mike and listen to nearby conversations. The



FBI did it to listen in on members of the Genovese crime family.

► **Biggest Threat: The feds.** The average guy doesn't have to worry about roving bugs, but that doesn't mean your cellphone is secure. Calls are transmitted via radio waves, so any nerd with a receiver can listen in. Hobbyists even trade numbers of favorite targets. Is it illegal? Hell yeah. But experts say it's almost impossible to catch eavesdroppers.

► **Outsmart It: Remove the battery.** It's not enough to turn off the phone, but if you need to worry about roving bugs, you need more advice than we're qualified to give. Merely worried about your calls becoming masturbatory fodder for strangers? Don't dial while you're in public—they usually fish in high-traffic areas like malls and airports.

RADIO-FREQUENCY IDENTIFICATION-CHIP PASSPORTS

A radio transmitter embedded in new passports carries your vital stats, your entry and exit history, and your current location.

► **Biggest Threat: The guy next to you.** "It's like playing a game of Marco Polo in the swimming pool," Scannell explains, "except you say Marco and the RFID chip says your name, birth date, nationality...." Early critics, Scannell included, worried that the chips could become "terrorist beacons" that could alert suicide bombers, kidnappers, and even pickpockets that an American tourist is nearby.

► **Outsmart It: Keep your passport closed.** In response to safety concerns, the passports now contain a Faraday cage that prevents security breaches—the chip can only be accessed when it's held up to an optical reader. Of course, the whole point of RFID was remote access, so it's kinda outsmarted itself.

VEHICLE GPS

A satellite signal pinpoints your car and guides you from Point A to Point B. Your grandmother probably has one.

► **Biggest Threat: The car's owner.** Most store-bought GPS systems are strictly receivers, so you're safe in your own ride—as long as you don't save any incriminating addresses on your favorites list. But if you're driving a fleet truck or rental car, all bets are off.

► **Outsmart It: Consider the source.** If your company car is equipped with GPS, chances are your boss is monitoring it. Scannell also advises against the GPS option on rental cars, since it may record whether you leave the state or break a no-speeding clause in your contract. And think twice before subscribing to OnStar—their communication system works both ways. As Scannell says, "Only a moron would install an eavesdropping bug on their own premises."

ONGOING BACKGROUND CHECKS

A company called Verified Person takes old-school background checks to the next level, offering a subscription service that keeps tabs on employees long after they've landed the job. For a minimal fee, they'll run a monthly check on employees and watch for new infractions.

► **Biggest Threat: Your boss.** Think of it as random drug testing for all the other stupid shit you do. If you get caught pissing in the stadium parking lot at a tailgate party, your boss gets a heads-up.

► **Outsmart It: If you can't be good, hope you're lucky.** Employers don't have to inform you of background checks or ask your permission, and assuming your employment is "at will" (which is probably the case), your boss can fire you for anything unseemly. The best you can do is hope for the odds to work in your favor—one criminology expert found that private firms had about a 50 percent success rate in digging up criminal records for paroled or probated employees.



A CONVENIENT TRUTH

Chances are you've voluntarily signed on for one of these tracking tools because, let's face it, they make your life a hell of a lot easier. But be wary, 'cause they've got your number.

- **AUTOMATIC TOLLS.** "Those records can be turned over," Swire says. "For instance, in divorce cases—'What were you doing at exit 14 on Saturday night? I thought you were home with the dog!'"
- **COOKIES.** "If you don't want someone else to look at the same pictures you did, delete the history file, the temporary Internet files, and the cookies," Swire says.
- **LOYALTY CARDS.** Guess who just bought an economy-size tube of anti-itch cream? If you're not keen on having your purchase history scrutinized, stop saving pennies and leave the card at home.

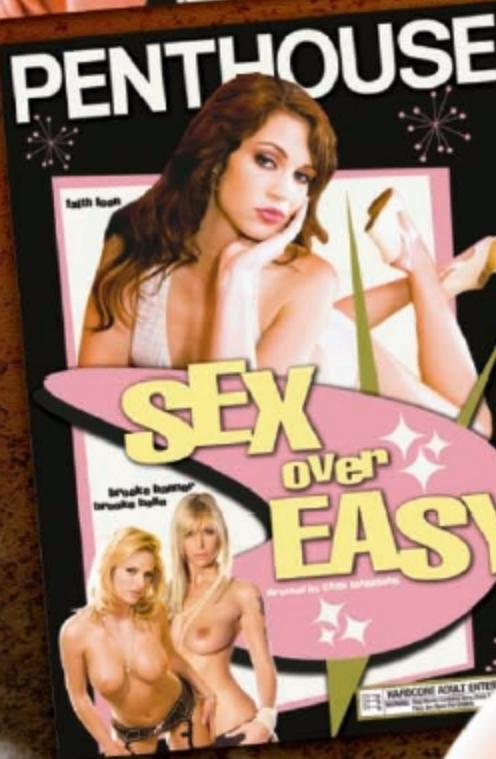
ARE YOU BEING SCANNED?

Your passport isn't the only place RFID chips may appear. The tiny tags have endless uses—and endless "Big Brother" potential. Here's where you might find them.

- **CREDIT CARDS.** Those wave-and-go cards for your key ring store your name, credit card number, and expiration date—often unencrypted.
- **SHOES.** Privacy advocates worry that RFID-embedded shoes could track our steps in the not-so-distant future, allowing anyone with access to know exactly where you go.
- **TIRES.** Michelin has tested RFID-embedded tires that would store age, size, and inflation stats. But critics worry that it could essentially leave a trail of virtual breadcrumbs.
- **MONEY.** Microchips in currency could deter counterfeiters and money launderers, but some watchdogs believe it's a way to enforce tax on cash purchases.
- **UNDER YOUR SKIN.** It may sound like science fiction, but the VeriChip implant is already FDA-approved and can be used to store info about chronic illness, identify unconscious patients, or track someone with dementia.

Now Available on DVD from

PENTHOUSE



REXXX
Raunchy sex with girls who remind you of your mother. Penthouse takes a twisted Greek tragedy and turns it inside out for a naughty comic tale of good plans gone bad.

Directed by Guy Capo

PICTURESQUE
One picture's worth more than a thousand words when Penthouse takes the photo. Imagine your favorite fantasy...She's waiting for you.

Directed by Cash Markman

SEX OVER EASY
Flip these girls over—it's that easy!

Directed by Cash Markman

DUDE, THAT'S MY MOM!
Sexy moms are wet and waiting! Are you a mother fucker?

Directed by Kelly Holland

www.penthousestore.com



John Caparulo

He's patched potholes, cut grass, and survived a swan attack. None of that prepared him for a barnstorming, 30-shows-in-30-nights U.S. tour.

As one of the four comics featured in *Vince Vaughn's Wild West Comedy Show*, a tour documentary in theaters this month, John Caparulo shared quality time, personal space, and 6,000 miles of road with Vaughn (*Wedding Crashers*), Peter Billingsley (*A Christmas Story*), and a bleary-eyed production crew. The Cleveland native—who has the looks, voice, and impish charm of a Little Rascals alumnus—talks about life on the road, the power of cuss words, and seeing Ralphie from *A Christmas Story* go postal.

Would you ever do anything like this again?

Hell, no. You're cramped on a bus for 30 straight days with a bunch of guys. It's basically like a rolling prison. Guys get weird, guys get mad.... But when you step back after you're done with it, you're like, "Oh, that was fucking sweet." So, on the other hand, if Vince Vaughn asked me to go again, I'd be stupid not to.

I bet things got pretty ripe.

Well, we weren't allowed to shit on the bus, because it gets stuck in the tank and then the whole place smells like a fucking farm. We had to hold it until we got to a rest stop. But everybody cracked before the 30 days was up—like, "Fuck it, I can't take it anymore!" So the bus did get pretty rank after a while.

The stand-up in the movie is pretty hilarious, but I thought one of the funniest moments was on the tour

bus, when Justin Long—the "I'm a Mac" guy from the commercials—almost came to blows with producer Billingsley. Long piled phone books on Billingsley while he was sleeping and Billingsley went ballistic, calling Long a "punk bitch."

[Laughs] It's funny that Ralphie from *A Christmas Story* gets fucking salty, isn't it? It's like he bowed up on him. See, on our bus it was me, Brad Ernst, Ahmed Ahmed, Sebastian Maniscalco, and Vince. That was it. But the other bus had like 20 dudes at one point. It was literally Oz. Billingsley was working 20-hour days, so he wasn't in the mood to be fucked with. Justin Long became Scott Farkas from *A Christmas Story*. Peter just beat him down.



Cap Quips

Caparulo tackles some of life's biggest issues in his act, from Coke versus Pepsi to mattress innovations.



Kennel Club

"I wanted to get a bulldog. My friend's like, 'Pfft: You don't want a bulldog. That's one of the dumbest breeds there is.' Hey, it's a dog. He doesn't have any responsibilities. I'm not going to have him running errands or doing my taxes. I'm just gonna pet him."



Vince Vaughn's Wild West Comedy Show (from left to right):
Dwight Yoakam, Peter Billingsley, Sebastian Maniscalco, Caparulo, Vaughn,
Ahmed Ahmed, Bret Ernst, Keir O'Donnell, Jon Favreau

Soda Wars

"It's 2008, can we just have Coke and Pepsi in the same building? Every time I go to a restaurant it's 'What would you like to drink?' 'Can I have a Coke?' 'Mmm, is Pepsi okay?' 'Mmm, is Monopoly money okay?'"

If It Ain't Broke

"Stop trying to improve on stuff they got right the first time. Like beds. Have you seen the mattress commercials? It's a bed! Who can't fall asleep on a bed? I fell asleep on a ladder one time, all right? People fall asleep driving, and you can't fall asleep on a bed?"

Pornography

"I'm all for porn, but hide it. My friends act like they produced it. 'Dude, I got this killer new porn, you wanna watch it? Not together. What's that going to do for our relationship? And why are you wearing cologne right now?'"

In Birmingham, Alabama, you had to do a clean show. How hard is that for a guy like you?

It's a real challenge. I'm like anybody — I love cuss words. Cuss words are funny. But there are always a few people who are going to get pissed off. I wasn't looking forward to doing a clean show because I'm like, "You know, I really like to say 'fuck' and I'm not going to be able to say 'fuck.' It's just better when I say 'fuck.'"

But you've done clean sets for *The Tonight Show* and Comedy Central. What's cool about those sets is that they make my act completely new. Everything I talk about, I have to talk about in a completely different way. Plus, the audience knows I'm just simmering right on the edge of letting the cuss ball fly. But I don't want to have to do it all the time, because I like to cuss.

Why?

Well, the stuff in my act is the shit that pisses me off. Also, from the age of four, my parents let me cuss around the house all the time. In high school, when friends came over to my house, they were like, "Oh, you're allowed to cuss at Cap's house? I'm just gonna let everything fly there." They would come over, say hi to my mom, and be like, "Hey, Mrs. Caparulo, how the fuck are you? This is fucking sweet. I love this place. Hey! Shit, ass..." and I'm like, "Dude! Really, that's rude." I guess because I've had a license to curse since I was little, I cuss in a way where nobody's really offended by it. With the guys who are best at cussing, you hardly notice it. 



showgirls

Sammie and Charmane undressed before bed with their usual attention to detail, lavishing tender loving care on every inch of each other's silky skin.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





Still, they both noticed immediately when the man across the alley turned off his bedroom light so he could see them more clearly. He was right on time, as always.





Nothing got them hotter than knowing he was watching their lovemaking, and they were always careful to avoid obscuring his view too much.







A woman with long brown hair is lying on a bed, viewed from the side and back. She is wearing a black lace lingerie set, including a bra and panties. She is positioned on a bed with several pillows, including a large quilted one and a smaller one with a black and white striped pattern. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera with a neutral expression.

As their climaxes swept through them, they kept up the show, aware that coming with them was as much a part of his nightly routine as theirs.



A photograph of two women in bed. One woman is lying on her back, and the other is lying on top of her, facing away. They are both wearing light-colored lingerie. The woman on top has her hands on the other woman's legs. The background shows a bed with patterned pillows and a quilted bedspread.

Sammie looked over again; his light was on and he was at the window behind a beautiful woman, pinching her nipple and fingering her pussy. She and Charmane lay back to watch, thrilled with the change in their routine and already planning to turn their twosome into a foursome as soon as possible.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF SAMMIE AND CHARMANE
[AT PENTHOUSE.COM/SHOWGIRLS](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/SHOWGIRLS).

Boink: College Sex By the People Having It

In February 2005, a firestorm was ignited by the first student-run magazine to call itself porn. The national media couldn't get enough of the story, but we can show you what they couldn't.

Edited by Christopher Anderson,
Alecia Oleyourryk, and Vanessa White
Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

It all began when a group of fellow Boston University undergrads and I decided to publish a magazine dedicated to the primary interest of most college students, namely sex. We wanted to create something different that would entertain and possibly inform other college kids like us. We were looking for a fresh approach to the subject from the perspective of people our age and wanted to provide more than just pictures of large-breasted girls, Photoshopped beyond the limits of fake perfection. We felt it was important to keep it real.

Of course, word quickly spread and we were soon inundated with requests from students who wanted to write and model for the magazine, which we decided to call *boink* to reflect the playfulness, openness, and above all fun with which we wanted to tackle sex.

Needless to say, we stirred up a shit storm. Social conservatives, religious advocates, self-righteous journalists—and others who are generally uptight about sex—publicly attacked us. The police even shut down our launch party, which was attended by 1,400 people.

Yet despite all the opposition, there were also a significant number of people who supported us, particularly among our fellow students. Sales of the premier issue were impressive, and since then we've continued to publish and expand our circulation.

Here is a small sampling of what we've been up to—some photos and excerpts from sexy stories—taken from our new book, which has just been published by Grand Central Publishing.

We hope you enjoy them. In fact, we hope you enjoy them so much that you buy the whole book. (Actually, you might want to pick up two copies, in case the pages of one get stuck together.)

—Alecia Oleyourryk, editor and cofounder



“We stirred up a shit storm. Social conservatives, religious advocates, self-righteous journalists—and others who are generally uptight about sex—attacked us. The police even shut down our launch party.”

THE WAGER

"We want to play a game," Amy tells Kyle, tweaking his nipple. His fingers pull back my robe, revealing my hip and side.

"Oh, a game," he says. "And how is it played? Something like this?" His fingers slide between my legs; one gently penetrates me. I gasp. Amy gasps, too; I realize he's done the same to her. I tweak his nipple a bit harder and he yelps.

Amy and I smile at each other. "It involves a blindfold," I tell him, producing a long, opaque scarf with a flourish. We rub the silk temptingly over his skin, caressing his cheeks, neck, and chest. Our hands run over his hips, still covered by his boxers. I feel the heat as my hand nears his loins. "So do you want to play?" I ask, smiling sweetly.

"How could I say no?" he replies. He sits up, and Amy holds the blindfold in place while I tie it. Kyle's hands continue to move over our bodies, and I see his nostrils flare as the scent of our juices reaches his nose. He licks his fingers one at a time, like a little boy surreptitiously eating honey. We shove him back down on the bed, pinning him by the shoulders. After exchanging a knowing look, we simultaneously stick our tongues in his ears.

We migrate down to his thighs and nibble at his most delicate parts, licking the soft skin of his cock, tugging at his scrotum, our hands caressing him and also each other. He's grasping, unable to keep his hands to himself, reaching for our breasts and between our legs. Amy bends to barely take the head of his cock in her mouth, and I push him firmly back down onto the pillow. I tell him softly, "We have a little wager going," and bite his earlobes for emphasis. Behind my back, I hear Amy move, causing Kyle to moan. "We have a bet about whether or not you'll let us tie you up." Amy moves again and he writhes, momentarily unable to answer. "And if you don't let us," I say, a little louder for her benefit, "there's always the old-fashioned way." I straddle him, grab his wrists, and pin them to the bed beneath my legs.

I reach over to the bedside table for the lubricant and coat the fingers of my right hand. My knee forces his thighs apart, and my fingers slide between them to find the tender bud of his anus. With circular motions, mirroring the movement of Amy's mouth on his cock, I begin to coax it open. With my free hand, I reach up to rub his chest. "Doing all right, sweetheart?" I ask. He manages an affirmative grunt just before Amy engulfs his cock again, causing him to cry out in surprise and pleasure. His muscles relax and I slide my finger in slowly, timing the little pulses of pressure with the movement of Amy's hand and mouth. I stroke her hair back from her face again, running my nails lightly over her back.

From Kyle's breathing I can tell he's getting close, so I stroke Amy's back and ask her, "Should we let him come yet, my dear?"

She always tasted like black-cherry soda, the kind made with sugarcane. I broke away from her as my fingers twirled her pubic hair, walking around her pussy lips, teasing as much as possible.





Amber bent over ... exposing her ass to the crowd.... The two slaves got down on their knees and began to lick the back of her thighs all the way up to her butt cheeks.

THE QUIET ONES

In the glow of the streetlight, Chris's toothy smile is a sharp crescent moon. He hangs back a bit, staring at me. I know he can't believe I actually came. Something about his boyish appearance—the tortoiseshell glasses and messy brown hair—spreads warmth through me, and I reach toward him, wrapping my hands around the back of his neck. Our kiss is short but deep, and it ends with a bite on his bottom lip. I feel his body harden against mine. Leaves sound like crumpling paper bags as the wind blows them down the street.

The truth is, I could drive to 22 Prospect with my eyes closed; I'd slept here dozens of times this semester. But this is the first time I will be sneaking in through the basement window—the first time I will not be crawling under Nick's washed-out blue sheets.

For the past month, every night when Nick and I'd get back from the bars, Chris was still up typing away on his laptop. He takes being vice president of the computer club with great pride, something the guys ragged on him about to no end. After Nick and I finished messing around, I'd wander into the kitchen to grab some water. And although I pretended not to notice, I caught Chris's eyes peeking up from his monitor as I passed, wearing a pair of Nick's boxers rolled up to the top of my thighs. Those were the times I imagined what it'd be like to fuck Chris. You know what they say about the quiet ones.

INSIDE JOKE

I maneuvered us toward the stage.

Jordan was directly behind me,

pressed in by all the other people. We reached the front just as the emcee signaled that the show was about to begin. He announced that we were about to witness the sultry Amber and her obedient Subs. Three girls came out onstage accompanied by the sound of deep drum and bass. They were all tight-bodied and very attractive. They had on bright blue fringed hot pants, blue bikini tops, and platform stiletto heels. And two also wore black eye-masks and studded collars. They vamped around, bumping and grinding in unison, kicking their legs up high and flipping their hair to the music. The music was primitive, rhythmic, and hypnotic. Jordan snuck a hand into the side of my pants and pulled me by my hip closer to him. He massaged my lower back a little, which he knew made me crazy. I pressed my butt up against him, hoping to feel him get hard.

After dancing for several minutes, the girls all turned their backs to us, pulled the strings on their tops, tossed them over their shoulders, and turned around to reveal three sets of perfect breasts. The tall black girl in the middle, obviously Amber, produced a metal leash, which she clipped to the other two girls'

collars. I bit the inside of my bottom lip and threw a look back at Jordan, who mouthed the word "wow."

Amber was clearly in charge. She held the leash, leading the other two around while they crept towards the crowd and back again. Finally she jerked on the leash, and the two girls stood still with the chain taut between them. Amber glared at the audience and I could have sworn that she was staring directly at Jordan and me for several seconds. She then spun around, bent over, and grabbed her ankles, fully exposing her ass to the crowd. With a jerk on the lead, the two slaves obediently moved to her side, got down on their knees, and began to lick the back of her thighs all the way up to her butt cheeks. I fidgeted a little, feeling the warmth between my own legs beginning to rise. After several minutes of the "grooming," Amber stood up while shaking her hair, put a hand on each girl's head, and pushed them to the floor simultaneously. They began licking her feet and toes as she towered above them. Mimicking feline behavior, the slaves began to paw at each other. Amber watched them as their play escalated until they were tumbling on the floor of the stage in a ball of skin and fringe. Finally, Amber reasserted her control and led them offstage on all fours.

SHE WAS A HOT TRUCK

I am now in a porno. I have a girl sucking my dick in the passenger side of the huge front cab of the truck that probably transported Dead Prez's stuff. Sucking leads to fucking, and as drunk as I am, I'm still amazed that I am being straddled and ridden by this hot little brunette who magically appeared on my arm.

Moaning ensued as I applied the jackhammer and coitus was back on, but only for five minutes. That's when the worst—or perhaps the funniest—thing that could have possibly happened did. You be the judge: While both of us are buck naked, the driver-side door opens and I see a backwoods-looking trucker below me (front cabs are raised high). He doesn't see me, but he does see the slut's boot. I stop fucking. She then notices the bad man and buries her face in my chest of man fur.

"What the fuck is this? A girl's boot?"

I feel her shiver with fear. I try to open the door and run, but I am glued in the seat. This is not happening. He looks up and sees us—hot, naked, and glistening with sweat, *inside his truck*. I imagine a few things he might say before taking action: "Jackpot" and "Whooeee! We got a live couple sumbitches for the basement back in Kentucky!" The image of the gimp from *Pulp Fiction* flashes in my mind, almost making me gag.

I open my mouth but no words come out. Uncertainty hangs in the awkward silence. "Awww shit, I'm sorry," he said.

An apology? Is this a trap? What in the ...

Although I pretended not to notice, I caught Chris's eyes peeking up as I passed, wearing a pair of Nick's boxers.... Those were the times I imagined what it'd be like to fuck Chris.





Amy and I ... rub the silk temptingly over Kyle's skin.... Our hands run over his hips.... I feel the heat as my hand nears his loins. "So do you want to play?" I ask, smiling sweetly.

"You two kids go ahead and take your time."

With that, he shut the door. No exaggeration. No fucking way. I'm at a complete and utter fucking loss. After making sure I didn't shit myself, I burst out in laughter as the slut dismounts.

HER STRAWBERRY GHOST

Kat always tasted like black-cherry soda, the kind made with sugarcane in glass bottles. I broke away from her as my fingers twirled her pubic hair, walking around her pussy lips, teasing as much as possible. I slid down between her legs and ran my tongue from her navel to the edge of her triangle, then around the outside and in just to the graze of her clit. She gasped as my tongue rippled over her. I licked my finger and slowly slid it into her body, while my lips latched onto her clit gently and my tongue caressed her little button. My finger rubbed against the top of her vagina, and I felt the muscles inside her contract, and the subtle soft ridges deep inside of her, as they brushed against my pumping fingertips. Her pussy hair poked into my nostrils and scratched my face. The deep smell of her wetness filled my nose. She smelled determined, but not bad. And Kat tasted salty, with a ginger tang. I pushed her closer to climax, slipping another finger into her. She wrapped her legs around my neck and her hands clawed at the bedspread, tense, shaking slightly.

"Faster," she panted, and I sped up. Her pelvis shifted and she forced my fingers deeper and higher up into her. Kat bit her lip and yelped. Then she let out a deep alpine sigh,

and her body relaxed. A warm red glow burned into her pale skin, and I looked up at her, smiling. I wiped my lips, now a bit tired, and watched as her sparkling juices mixed with the sweat from her legs. It formed a drop, growing and swelling as it darted down her thigh, around the lips of her pussy and past the pink rosebud of her asshole. It faded into the cotton sheets, leaving only a damp silhouette of its presence.

I scooted back up to her, cradling her tightly, feeling the sweat on her arms and back, and the little dewdrops on the soft hair on her neck. She kissed me, her tongue exploring her own salty taste. She straightened her glasses, sat up a bit, and burped.

"Your face looks weird when you go down on me," she said. I smiled. "That's 'cause your vagina attacked my face."



From the book *BOINK: College Sex by the People Having It*, by the editors of Boink magazine. Copyright (c) 2008 by Boink, LLC. Reprinted by permission of Grand Central Publishing, New York, N.Y. All rights reserved.

stack the deck

Twenty-two-year-old Gina Novak loves to sun her 35-24-35 bod while lounging poolside. We say she can go on deck with us anytime.

Photographs by Erro





"I love to vacation at the beach. I'm very pale and don't really tan, but there's nothing like looking into the clear blue sea to clear your head."







"My favorite movies are about catastrophic events, but not realistic ones. It's not relaxing to watch a fake earthquake, but an alien invasion? I'm so there."





**"I refuse to tell a man
outright what I want in bed.
He has to figure it out. But
I'm fair and give lots of non-
verbal feedback. And I try just
as hard to push his buttons."**







"The most exciting place I've made love is in my boyfriend's office. I know it's a cliché, but it really is unbelievably hot to know you might get caught."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF GINA, VISIT
PENTHOUSE.COM/GINANOVAK.



blow by blow

One woman's love affair with deep-throating elevates cocksucking from a dirty job to a work of art. *Chelsea Summers* provides helpful hints for you and your girl for the next time she goes down.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALTRENDO IMAGES / GETTY

My favorite joke goes like this: "What has two thumbs and likes blowjobs?" I answer, "This girl!" pointing enthusiastically at my chest. It's funny because it's true. I have rarely encountered a cock I didn't want to put in my mouth. I'm a chick without a gag reflex, a girl who never really grew past her oral stage. I am a proud and unabashed cocksucker.

I've been joyfully sucking dick for my entire adult life—my high school nickname had "cockbreath" in it—but for me, giving head is more than a quick blowjob; it's an art form. I've got more than talent, I've got skills. I am one of the few, the proud, the elusive—I am a deep-throater.

THAT ORAL VOODOO

An undeniable mystique surrounds the ability to deep-throat. The eponymous Linda Lovelace movie drew attention to deep-throating's allure in 1972, and men haven't lost their appreciation of the act in the intervening decades. In fact, the second most popular search term that brings people to my sex blog is "deep throat." And my blowjob how-to posts remain the most linked pages on my site. Men want to be deep-throated and women want to learn how.

You see, deep-throating has an element of danger. Theoretically, you could suffocate me with your cock. Or I could, potentially, choke to death on dick. Or—this is only slightly better—I could merely puke, drowning both you and your libido in vomit. None is a pretty or a likely possibility, but all amp up the drama level. And with added risk comes added rewards.

I'm not knocking girls who can't deep-throat. Not everyone can learn the oral voodoo that I do so well. It takes time, practice, and a desire to control your body's involuntary reactions. And it's fine that not every chick can do it. Deep-throating is the cherry on the blowjob banana split.

DRUMROLL, PLEASE

I was a teenager the first time I sucked a cock. It was in the front seat of my boyfriend's truck, and I did it because I wanted to stall his desire to divest me of my virginity—I deep-throated it. I didn't know what I was doing. I hadn't read much about fellatio, and I certainly hadn't seen any porn. I just thought he'd like it if more of him slid into more of me, so I took it all in. Turns out I was right.

The ability to deep-throat causes a pyrotechnic flourish. The moment right before I deep-throat deserves a drumroll. I'll be sucking and slurping, feeling the dude's body simultaneously relax and tighten under my wet ministrations, and then I'll think about the ace up my sleeve—this gift he doesn't know about. Or if he does know, he wonders when—or if—I'll give it to him. Sometimes I prolong the waiting just to fuck with him. Then, when we both can't take anymore, I take him in one sweeping arc. It almost always makes him gasp. It's a heady moment of power for me.

In these moments, I feel pride mixed with challenge and trust. I challenge myself to see how much I can get in my throat, how long I can hold it. I trust the man not to thrust and ruin my necessary preparations. My hand and mouth work in harmony, dancing together, a well-practiced pas de deux. They slide together from stem to tip, my throat opening to swallow all of him, my tongue poised to twirl like a pink wet ballerina at the tip. Up and down, up and down, my hand and mouth work together, my body heaving on the bed; the plaintive creaking of old springs and my stifled breaths and indecent slurping are hunger made audible.

IN RECEIVING HEAD, PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE

You men have a tendency to rush things. Don't. When you start thrusting into a woman's mouth before she's ready, it feels like swallowing very hot soup or a huge chunk of lamb shank. It's not pleasant, and it's neither a turn-on nor helpful.

I also have to remember to be patient. When I'm in bed with a man I really like, I often have to remind myself to slow down and tease him. I recognize the purpose of the oral tease, but when I'm on my knees in front of him, or hovering over his prone body, or supine under him as he straddles my shoulders, his big fat-bellied cock hanging there—right there—in front of my nose, it's all I can do not to take it in my mouth and down my gullet as far as I can.

THE GREAT SWALLOW DEBATE

A cock sends out susurrations before the ripples of an orgasm. I like feeling it all—the taut tightening of flesh, the slight up-pull of his balls, the St. Vitus shaking. I can feel the current of a man's orgasm as it flows through his cock from my lips, through my mouth, along my tongue, and into the back of my throat. It's a wondrous thing to have him tense under me, to feel him grip my hair, to hear him moan or scream, to see him twitch and jerk, to feel his orgasm graffiti the walls of my throat.

I never willingly spit. (When I was 19 one guy asked me to "snowball" him—spit his jism into his mouth after he came. I did, but I had no idea I was being kinky. I was an oddly naive cock-sucker.) I have never really understood the swallow versus spit debate. Nothing against women who opt not to swallow, but to me spunk tastes like a job well done. The slight tang of bleach, the undertones of mushroom or soy, the occasional sweetness; there's a salty goodness that smacks of my own prowess.

DOWN WITH LOVE

What I really love about giving head is being in control. I feel like I'm choreographing an elaborate underwater ballet with my mouth, my hands, and my lover's penis. I love imagining what he's seeing; I love the slurping noises, the occasional eye contact, the hushed bated breath, the fingers sliding through the mix of saliva and pre-come, the cock that fills my mouth and throat. I love the

When I'm in bed with a man I really like, I often have to remind myself to slow down and tease him. It's all I can do not to take him in my mouth as far as I can.

feeling of having my mouth full; sometimes it makes me wish that the man in question had two or three cocks with which to fill me simultaneously. This feral compulsion washes over me and I want to take him into me everywhere all at once. It's as if I'm trying to keep my head while I'm giving it.

Only a handful of cocks in my life have defied my ability to swallow them whole. A few were too small. I have a big mouth, and these petite penises don't fill it. A couple of them were too big. Both, ironically, belonged to men who biked competitively. Despite my best efforts, a good inch or so of these phalluses of long and girthy proportions remained beyond my mouth's grasp. I tried not to feel defeated.

At the end of the deep-throating day, I don't know whether I like the power of giving pleasure more than I like the experience itself. I'm not entirely sure it matters. It certainly doesn't matter to the man whose cock has been sucked to juicy fruition. 

EVER WONDERED HOW IT'S DONE? HERE, FOR YOUR GIRL'S EDIFICATION—AND YOUR ENJOYMENT—IS ONE WOMAN'S HOW-TO:**1. OPEN WIDE**

You have to pull down the base of your tongue at the back of your throat, as you would if you were about to yawn, forming a big, round cave at the back of your throat until you can almost feel pressure in your ears. This, my friend, is how you control your gag reflex. And that's just the beginning.

2. LUBE UP

Your throat, like other parts of your anatomy, needs copious lube to accommodate the length and breadth of a cock. Your normal spit is wan, watery stuff. To deep-throat, you need to find that high-viscosity, ropy saliva. You can do that by pressing your lover's cock as far as it will comfortably go in your mouth and resting it there for 20 to 30 seconds, coming up for air, licking and sucking a bit, then doing it again. After a minute or so, you should get that really thick porn-star spit.

3. PLAY THE ANGLES

After a few minutes of warm-up, you'll feel your throat begin to relax. Then you should find an angle that will work for sustained deep-throating with each particular cock—and they're all different. Bad angles make for bad fellatio—it's simple human geometry. Men with very straight cocks are easiest to suck either on your back with a pillow under your head (which is awesome if he wants to fuck your face) or if you're on top and can use your hand to push his cock into your throat. With more bendy lovers, you might find, as I have, very good luck on all fours in front of them as they kneel or stand in front of you.

4. GO THE DISTANCE

With a man's cock deep in your mouth, swallow around the tip, then nudge the shaft just a bit farther, guiding his cock in a bit more. That's usually when his moans escape and he puts a hand on your head. It's uncomfortable and irritating, but if you feel the same satisfaction from getting him off as I do, you'll let his palm rest there as he watches the blow by blow. 



LINES THAT SUCK TOO BADLY TO GET YOUR DICK SUCKED

If you're out on a date and hope to inspire a lady to take you to blowjob nirvana, avoid these destined-to-fail lines. The only lips that you'll get around your cock will be on a blow-up doll.

- If you won't fuck me, will you at least give me a blowjob?
- Come on, it's mostly protein. It's Atkins-friendly!
- You know, recent scientific studies show that semen is an effective antidepressant.
- Your friend/roommate/sister loves to suck cock!
- I ate nothing but pineapple all day. It'll taste great.
- Hey, it's only 25 calories.
- It's good for your skin.
- This'll be quick, I swear.

HOW TO TURN ALMOST ANY WOMAN INTO A WILLING AND ABLE HEAD CASE

Is your girlfriend reluctant to go down with love? We asked our expert what men can do to get some quality oral loving. Give these simple tips a try and see if you can get your girl to give you the best five minutes of silence a man can ask for.

- Wash all your nooks and crannies. Bonus: Tell her that if she showers with you, she can make sure you're Mr. Clean.
- Manscape. No one likes thundering through the underbrush.
- Give her oral pleasure. Remember, ladies come first.
- Place her hand on your cock and ask nicely.
- Suck artfully on her fingers and/or toes and describe what it feels like when she sucks on you.
- Two words: whipped cream.

Switch and Swap

Hot tales from the 30th compilation of *Letters to Penthouse XXX*, the latest release from Grand Central Publishing

My wife Tina and I recently took a trip to Florida to get together with her old friend Miko, a pretty Asian-American girl, and her African-American boyfriend, Greg. Tina had told me Miko was something of a swinger, so it wasn't surprising that after our reunion dinner we all ended up back in Tina's and my hotel suite.

Miko started the action by suggesting a trivia game with a twist. Each person who answered incorrectly would lose a piece of clothing. The game would end when one player was completely naked.

By the time Miko lost, Tina was down to her bra and panties, while Greg and I only had our shorts on. We were all pretty worked up. Miko put on some slow music and started dancing with Greg. They began to caress and kiss each other, and Tina and I soon followed. As we danced, I unhooked her bra and slid it off.

After a while we changed partners. As I began dancing with Miko, I placed my hands on her firm, round buttocks. Her arms were around my neck, our bodies pressed tight against each other, my bulging cock flattened against her lower belly. Tina and Greg were also dancing close together, with her breasts pressing against his chest.

When we switched again, Tina and I looked at each other significantly. "She's hot," I whispered.

"And he's big," Tina said.

We kissed hungrily. When we broke, I saw that Miko had removed Greg's shorts and was busy sucking his cock. I trailed kisses down Tina's body, then removed her panties and stuck my tongue in her wet hole. She shivered and held my head there—until she came.

She slid my briefs down and sucked my cock. Then we danced again, with my cock nestled between her legs, the head brushing her pussy as our hips swayed against each other.

When we switched again, everyone was fully naked—and fully aroused. The only sounds were the music and our heavy breathing. Miko lost no time putting my hard cock between her legs and adjusting the tip against her hot snatch. We kissed lightly, moving to the music.

I saw that Greg's hands were on Tina's bare buttocks now, alternately caressing and squeezing. His erection pressed against her stomach as he held her tightly against him. Their only movement was a slight rotating of the hips. Their lips almost touched and their breathing got heavier.

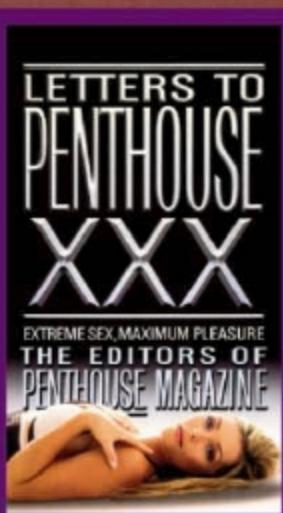
Miko and I kissed more energetically, and my hard-on slid between her moist pussy lips. One of Greg's hands slid from Tina's buttock to her inner thigh. She spread her legs a little wider as he reached between them. Their mouths met openly and their tongues flicked at each other's as his hand became more active.

He maneuvered himself against her, freeing his cock and sliding it between her thighs. She lifted her left leg and curled it around his buttocks as he removed his finger from her pussy and replaced it with his raging hard-on. She gasped and moaned into his mouth.

Meanwhile, Miko and I kissed frantically as I slid my cock back and forth with short, sharp strokes so it wouldn't slip out of her pussy. She whimpered and gasped as she approached climax, and I marveled at her sensitivity while continuing to watch my wife with her black partner.

Greg had her up against a wall now. He lifted her leg over his shoulder and she wrapped the other around him, all the time grinding her mouth against his. With her back against the wall, he was able to pump her harder and





Looking for extreme sex and maximum pleasure? Pickup the latest volume in our best-selling series to check out more hot reads.

When we switched again, everyone was fully naked—and fully aroused. Miko lost no time putting my hard cock between her legs.

deeper. Then she, too, was shuddering in orgasm, kissing him even harder to muffle her moans.

Miko, having recovered her breath, broke from me and said that it was showtime. "Let's go to the bedroom," she said. "Greg and I will go first. Come on." Practically pulling her boyfriend away from my wife, she took him to the bedroom, motioning for us to come along.

"You loved it," I whispered to Tina as we followed them. "And I bet you want more."

Tina smiled and nodded, then kissed me eagerly and said, "What about you and Miko?"

"God, yes!" I said eagerly.

Miko and Greg headed straight for the king-size bed and proceeded to put on a fucking exhibition for our viewing pleasure.

Tina seemed entranced by Greg's cock gliding in and out of Miko's creamy cunt. For my part, I was fascinated by the way her hips moved in perfect time to meet his thrusts, and the way her labia clutched rhythmically around the length of his shaft. I really wanted to be in Greg's place at that moment!

Although Miko occasionally looked at us and smiled, she and Greg were lost in their own world, shifting from one position to another, with his cock never leaving her cunt. She came several times, but he still hadn't climaxed when they stopped and Miko said it was our turn.

Tina and I, no strangers to public fucking, gave them a show of our own, shifting from position to position. After her second orgasm, she went down on me, crouching on her elbows and knees to take my dick in her mouth. I fondled her buttocks and had her swing around for a sixty-nine. As she did, Greg reached out to stroke her behind. She stopped moving with her legs wide apart and he leaned over and licked her cunt lips, which made her moan around my cock.

Miko told Greg to use his cock

instead, saying she knew how much Tina loved having two cocks inside her at once. He stood up and positioned his cockhead against Tina's swollen pussy, at first just rubbing it along her wet labia. She spread her legs a bit more, and he pushed in but paused, as if to see if she wanted more.

My wife always wants more. She wiggled her hips as a signal, and he pushed in slowly until his cock was buried as far as it could go. She moaned again while continuing to suck my cock. Our eyes met briefly, and I saw from her glazed look how much she loved what she was feeling.

Now Miko decided to get into the act. She kissed me, her tongue exploring my mouth. Then she moved over and sat on my face so I could lick her wet pussy. Greg was now pumping steadily in Tina's cunt, and soon she was alternating between sucking my cock vigorously and throwing back her head to scream.

Finally she stopped sucking me and disengaged from both of us. Then she rolled on her back, pulling Greg down on top of her. They settled into a slower rhythm, kissing passionately, her legs coiled around his back as her hips moved to meet his thrusts.

Then Miko took over my cock, straddling it and riding it wildly. She bent over to kiss me and I felt her small but firm hard-nippled breasts drag against my chest as her lower body moved up and down. After a while she straightened up and, without removing her cunt from my cock, turned around so her back was toward me.

Tina lay beside me now, with Greg hovering over her, his cock still inside her. I looked into her eyes. We kissed, tenderly at first, then with more passion. Greg picked up the tempo of his strokes. Miko leaned over to kiss him while continuing to ride my cock. I could hardly believe how the four of us were linked as we raced to climax.

There was more interaction in the morning, and over the next few days, we fucked all over both of our suites. By the time Tina and I left, I was exhausted but blissful. On the plane, I asked if she had any other old girlfriends like Miko. She grinned and said, "Sure." On our next trip we're seeing her old roommate Tammy. I'll tell you all about it, if I survive!—P.H., British Columbia



blonde on blonde

Diana and Marlie were colleagues, not friends, so neither wanted to share a hotel room on their business trip... until they saw the luxurious bathroom. Then they bypassed "friends" completely and shifted straight into "lovers."

Photographs by Penthouse Studios



A photograph of two blonde women in a shower stall. The woman in the foreground is seen from the back, wearing pink and black striped swimwear. She is leaning forward, her tongue out, licking the shoulder of the woman behind her. The woman in the background is shirtless, with her head tilted back and mouth open, appearing to be in a state of arousal or pleasure. The shower stall has a mosaic-tiled wall and a blue showerhead. A small text box in the top left corner contains a narrative.

Tentative experimentation led to dizzying lust as they finally gave in to the passionate craving for each other that they both had denied, even to themselves, for so long.





A photograph of two women in a shower. The woman in the foreground is kneeling, holding a handheld showerhead and spraying water on her own body. She is wearing a diamond necklace. The woman in the background is sitting, looking up at the woman in the foreground. Both are nude. The shower has mosaic tiles on the walls.

Each knew the sensual thrills
a handheld showerhead
could deliver, but neither
was prepared for the erotic
explosion it would yield when
paired with another woman's
experienced caress.



Their only problem was finding the willpower to leave the room. They cut every meeting short all week, racing each other out of their suits and back into the shower.





They both knew they'd never again deny their desire for each other's soft curves and fragrant folds. Now they just had to decide when to share their new relationship with their boyfriends.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF DIANA AND MARLIE AT PENTHOUSE.COM/DIANAANDMARLIE.



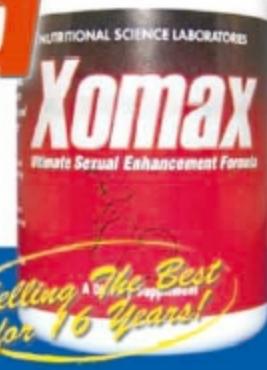
Free 30 Day Supply *See Details Below.

FREE OFFER!

why girl's say... **A Bigger Manhood Means Better Sex!**

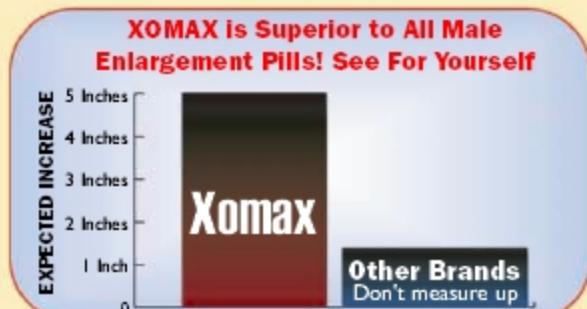
Now there is an All-Natural non-prescription pill to give you a...

Bigger, Thicker, Longer Penis!



Guaranteed Results

Get serious about having the biggest, thickest, longest penis possible. Don't waste any more time on cream, sprays or products that have not been proven. Start seeing real results today, take XOMAX now! Women will crave your new penis like never before. You don't have to wait months, weeks or even days to get the results you want. You'll start to see noticeable gains with your very first dose.



Concentrated Formula

This new highly concentrated formula makes all the difference in the world. Never before has there been an all-natural formula that works as fast and effectively as XOMAX. To increase the size of your penis, you need a solution that works. You won't find a more potent formula for growth and development of your penis—it's proven!

Xomax is Better

XOMAX was put to the test! By comparing the three leading brands of male enhancement pills to XOMAX, the results were incredible! XOMAX was found to work 10 times faster, with size increasing 3 times more than the competition. Don't waste your time

**\$29.95
Value**
**FREE
DVD WITH
PURCHASE**
Ultimate Sexual Pleasures

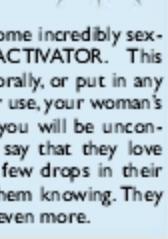
Mate Magnet Cologne

The Perfect Aphrodisiac
This revolutionary new men's cologne contains genuine human sex pheromones. Women will be influenced by your scent and won't be able to keep their hands off you. Using pheromones have been proven the most gorgeous women will desire to have you immediately. It's so easy to seduce women, get more dates, have more sex. "Since I've been using MATE MAGNET, I have had several attractive women come after me. I'm very happy." -D.H. Ohio



Sexactivator

Women have reported that they become incredibly sexually excited when they take SEXACTIVATOR. This magical wonder liquid can be taken orally, or put in any drink. Within minutes after use, your woman's desire to have sex with you will be uncontrollable. Some women say that they love when their man puts a few drops in their favorite drink without them knowing. They say that it turns them on even more.



100% Money Back Guarantee

and money on products that don't deliver. Get a penis women will crave and men will envy with the best super concentrated formula -XOMAX.

Maximum Potential

You'll be the envy of every man. With your new extra big hard penis, you'll be able to penetrate deeper and fill your sex partner with satisfaction she's never had before. You'll have no worries of premature ejaculation or going soft, your confidence will skyrocket with your bigger, thicker, longer penis.

- ◆ 100% Natural penis enlargement!
- ◆ Add inches to your penis in days!
- ◆ Become a SUPERSTUD!
- ◆ Get the big penis of your dreams
- ◆ You can have a SUPER penis

Another Satisfied Customer

"Hi, my name is Mike. I want to tell you how thrilled I am with your product XOMAX. I've tried many other pills and they don't work as well as XOMAX. My wife is amazed at the difference in our love making sessions."

M.C. Los Angeles, CA

**Call Any Time
1-888-244-4981
Fax: 239-643-2356
www.xomax-man.com**

Send coupon with payment to:
Nutritional Science Laboratories, P.O. Box 11269, Naples, FL 34101
Discreet Billing - Privacy Ensured

QTY PRICE TOTAL

Greatest Savings		Save over \$419.90	
Buy 5 get 7 FREE		\$299.95	
Xomax 90 Day Challenge	FREE 30 Day		
Buy 2 Get 1 Free		\$119.98	
SAVE EVEN MORE	Buy 3 get 3 free 50% off	\$179.97	
1 Month Supply Xomax		\$59.99	
Sexactivator - Regular	\$59.95 - Save \$30	\$19.99	
Turns your woman wild!			
Mate Magnet - Regular	\$59.95 - Save \$30	\$19.99	
Instantly attract women			
Shipping and Handling:			
Standard Delivery		\$9.99	
2-3 Day Rush Delivery		\$19.99	
International Delivery		\$29.99	

TOTAL AMOUNT

FAQ About Xomax

Q. How soon do you see results?
A. Most men see results with their first dose and increasing results over 60 - 90 days.

Q. Are the results permanent?
A. For most men, if Xomax is taken continuously for three to four months followed by a maintenance program the results are permanent.

Q. How much growth can I realistically expect?
A. Up to 5 inches or more with a increase in width of 50%

Q. Is Xomax natural?
A. Xomax is 100% natural, safe and Doctor recommend for those looking for advanced penis enhancement, plus Xomax has no side effects.

Q. What makes Xomax the #1 natural penis enhancement formula?
A. Xomax has a highly effective proprietary blend of concentrated nutrients. These natural compounds are amazingly stimulating to the male penis. You won't find a stronger blend of nutrients in any other male enhancement product. The reason? Xomax contains extremely expensive imported ingredients and many manufacturers won't spend that kind of money. Instead, they pass off less expensive ingredients, such as Ginseng or low end forms of L-Arginine.

Q. Is Xomax guaranteed to work?
A. Xomax is 100% GUARANTEED! If you're not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within two months to receive a refund. Men now have an effective way to increase the size of their penis. Why pay for imitations that will not solve the problem? You may spend a little more on Xomax, but the results will be worth it! You often get what you pay for. So remember that the genuine ingredients in Xomax are GUARANTEED to work! Order today—the best money can buy!

— CALL TOLL FREE 1-888-244-4981 —

Check payment method:

Check Money order Cash
 MasterCard VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS DISCOVER

Name on the card:

Card Number:

Expiration Date:

Name:

Street Address:

City:

State:

Zip Code:

Signature:

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RYAN MCIVAY/GETTY IMAGES

One-Hit Wonders

Sometimes you just want to get the girl, get laid, and get out before breakfast. Our resident sexpert tells you how to find the perfect one-night stand.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

We get it. You're not into commitment and long-term relationships at this stage in your life; you just want to score some raunchy sex with a hot babe. There's nothing wrong with that, and—believe it or not—there are plenty of smokin' girls looking for a night of passionate sex with no strings attached. The trick to a successful one-nighter is finding the perfect Ms. Right Now. And while finding a sex-seeking hottie in a crowd of women with romance on their minds may seem like an impossible task, you can zero in on the free spirits if you know what to look for, both in looks and behavior.

THE LOOK Dressed to thrill

Here's a good rule of thumb: The more skin she shows, the more skin you're likely to get by night's end. This seems like common sense, but scientific research consistently shows that sexually adventurous women tend to wear skimpier clothing than their more repressed companions. One study showed that ovulating women are more likely to dress provocatively, but beware that biological imperative and make sure you're safe; women may not realize it, but they get hornier at this time of the month because it's when they're most likely to get pregnant. A sexily dressed woman feels good about her body and may even be a bit of an exhibitionist, whereas a self-conscious woman is unlikely to feel comfortable enough to undress in front of a stranger. Don't waste your time on the sexy librarian in the turtleneck—go for the girl in the low-cut tank and barely there miniskirt.

The devil is in the details

If she has a manicure and pedicure, she's been to the salon; she may also have a fresh Brazilian wax to show off. And if she's got tattoos and piercings, she has a wild streak that bodes well for you. A tongue piercing is especially good—she probably likes to demonstrate her oral prowess.

THE BEHAVIOR Alone in a crowd

When a woman is alone at a nightclub or a bar, she is most likely looking for a hookup. This is good for you, as you won't have to deal with resistance from her buddies, and good for her, since she won't have to put up with disapproving glances or follow-up questions from her girlfriends.

If you are checking out a group of women, go after the least attractive one. She'll be flattered and appreciative, since she rarely gets the attention when she's out with her friends. Or look for the one who seems left out of the clique. She's ready to be rescued.

Don't waste your time on the sexy librarian in the turtleneck—go for the girl in the low-cut tank and barely there miniskirt.

Dirty dancing

If you're in a dance club, look for a girl who is shaking it like a milkshake on the dance floor. She knows how to move, and she's comfortable with a lot of male attention—two solid indicators that she's up for a one-night stand. The conventional wisdom that a woman who's a good dancer is good in bed is commonly believed because there's truth in it. Dance really is a vertical expression of a horizontal desire.





HUNTING GROUNDS

Trap the tourists

We've all felt the appeal of sex with a stranger while away from home and our more censorious friends. Foreign tourists, in particular, often look to sample the legal goods because they know that when they get back their friends will ask, "So, did you hook up with any Americans? How do they compare?" Foreign college students often make good targets. (Trust me, I was one!) If you don't live in a tourist town, check out conventions in your area, which are usually held at big hotels. Traveling businesswomen frequently get lonely and go looking for a little no-strings-attached companionship once they're away from gossiping colleagues.

THE PREY

Go cougar hunting

Don't just target pretty young things. Research shows that women in their thirties and forties are hornier and more likely to reach orgasm than women in their twenties. Hot-looking 50-year-olds on the prowl are an even easier target. They're less likely to get a lot of male attention, so they frequently adopt a *carpe noctem* ("seize the night") attitude.

And don't forget MILFs. They already have kids, so they're not looking at you as a potential father. In fact, MILFs are likely to care more about the bulge in your jeans than the quality of your genes.

Next month Dr. Z will give you the lowdown on what to do—and what not to do—during a one-night stand.

Ask Dr. Z

Kiss of Death?

I love to kiss, but my new girlfriend isn't into it—she says it spreads germs (she's a total germaphobe). Are there any health benefits to kissing I can cite to convince her it's good for her?

Your girlfriend is right about the germ exchange. According to one study, more than 40,000 parasites and 250 types of bacteria are exchanged during a typical French kiss. However, some research shows that our saliva actually kills most of these bacteria and that sharing these germs boosts your internal defense system by exposing it to a limited number of these pathogens. But you can assure her that there are numerous other health benefits to kissing:

- Kissing has been shown to reduce allergic skin responses, improving eczema and other skin conditions.
- The extra saliva produced during passionate kissing washes bacteria off your teeth, which can help break down oral plaque.
- Passionate kissing has been shown to burn about two calories a minute, double your resting metabolic rate.
- Skin-to-skin contact stimulates the production of the hormone oxytocin, which reduces the sensation of fear.
- Kissing exercises facial muscles, which can help her maintain a youthful countenance.
- Kissing is often called sensual meditation because it slows down our brain waves, putting us in a more relaxed state of mind.

Leave her alone to sort out her own crap while you go out to meet other hot babes—never underestimate the power of jealousy.

Rebound to Happen

I recently met this great girl, and I thought she was really falling for me. The sex is awesome and we have a lot in common. The problem is, she broke up with her boyfriend right before she met me (actually, he walked out on her), and now he's begging her to get back together. Now she's confused and says she has strong feelings for both of us. What should I do? Pull back and let her miss me, or try harder to pursue her with compliments and gifts? How do I find out who she really loves? Please help, Dr. Z!

She doesn't love you, my forlorn friend! I hate to be the one to deliver the bad news, but think of me as a surgeon cutting out your festering tumor. You have hooked yourself a rebounder, and this type of woman always comes with major psychological baggage. She's only with you because you helped her deal with her heartbreak while she pined for the jerk who dumped her, then decided to reel her back in.

If you're a masochist, you can stick around and be the shoulder she cries on, maybe getting some gratitude sex while she fantasizes about her ex. But my advice is to forget about pursuing her. Instead, leave her alone to sort out her own crap while you go out to meet other hot babes—never underestimate the power of jealousy. She'll desire you more if you are surrounded by attractive opportunities for romance. And if she comes back to you, hopefully it will be because she genuinely likes you, not because she needs someone to help her get over her ex-boyfriend. 

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, NY 10121.

X-RatedVideo



Join the Penthouse Magazine Reader Panel

Get an early peek at the girls of *Penthouse* and help us make the best magazine possible when you join our reader panel.

It doesn't take a lot of time. All you have to do is vote on pictures we send you.

For more information visit
Penthouse.com/ReaderPanel



WarSucks

Coming Home
(Wicked Pictures) **1 1 1 1 1**
In this dark drama set during the Iraq War, writer/director Brad Armstrong plays an Army reservist who gets called up for active duty. In the first scene, the lovely Kirsten Price gives her man quite a send-off (with her slim body and small natural tits, she certainly gets the job done), while he hangs with his friend Barrett Blade, who does his own high-caliber screwing with blonde babe Shyla Stylez. Savannah Stern's youthful looks serve her well in her coupling with Scott Lyons, who blows in her mouth for the finale. There's also a six-person mini-orgy in an Army barracks—seeing Gianna Lynn and ebony cutie Jada Fire in the same scene is a treat—and a four-way at a drive-in. The story is a little on the heavy side, but this high-quality two-disc set gives a face to the conflict you may not consider if you're antiwar, and the dramatic theme elevates the porn into something very different. Highly recommended.

Paradise City

Eden
(Adam & Eve) **1 1 1 1**
Populate *Fantasy Island* with the sexiest women in the world and you'll have this two-disc set, which clocks in at more than four and a half hours (including the extras). Randy revelers touch down in a tropical paradise where their host promises to cater to their every whim. The ten sex scenes on disc one offer up a satisfying selection of combinations: Carmen Luvana gets balled by French stud Jean Valjean, starting out slow and sensual before gaining some serious momentum amid lush greenery and rolling hills; Luvana later gets wet and wild with Courtney Cummz on a secluded beach. Brunette beauty Ava Rose seduces Evan Stone in a sweet and romantic scene with a four-poster bed and lots of silk sheets. In one of the hotter offerings, Pet of the Month Bree Olson pulls two studs in the dunes before Cummz takes Tommy Gunn's cock for a spin. Director Daniel Dakota uses a great cast, hot sex, and a beautiful island location to create a package that's both exotic and erotic. Share it with a lady friend.

Grab it now
Hold on tight
Pick it up
Worth a look
Hands off



Penthouse Pick

Annette Schwarz Is Slutwoman

(Elegant Angel) **1 1 1 1 1**

Teutonic fuck icon Annette Schwarz is the latest to earn the lofty title of Slutwoman, and damn, she's the best one yet. Over the years the character's been given unique readings by Roxanne Hall, Alexandria Quinn, and Michele Raven, but Schwarz makes it her own with one of the most explosive displays of on-screen fucking we've seen—period. Director Mason mines sexual gold from the six-foot-tall Schwarz, from the opening bad-dog-themed session with Michael Stefano to an incredible 20-man oral gangbang to a real roughie with a severely dominant Sandra Romain. The hands-down winning scene is "Blind Date," in which Schwarz hooks up with a thuggin' black stud she saw on the Internet who brings along his even-more-well-hung friend for good measure. Schwarz takes them in every hole with a combination of all-out depravity and sexual desperation so volatile that even a fine family publication like *Penthouse* can't print some of the language she uses. This is quite simply our favorite offering from the stunning German. Ever. **1 1 1 1 1**

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

INTRODUCING BREE OLSON



JUST
\$24.95
W/FREE
SHIPPING!

WANTED



GET THIS
RED-HOT
DVD
FREE!!

WATCH THIS PET
GET DOWN AND DIRTY!!

Order Online at: adameve.com
ORDER TODAY AND GET FREE SHIPPING

METHOD OF PAYMENT

Item #F760

Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, no cash or COD's)

CHARGE MY: VISA MC AMEX DISCOVER

ACCT. #

SIGNATURE

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT) I CERTIFY THAT I AM 18 OR OLDER.

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

YES, SEND ME DREAMGIRLS Item # F760	JUST \$24.95
POSTAGE & HANDLING	FREE
RUSH PROCESSING ADD \$2.00	\$2.00
HOT ADULT CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION	FREE
CA & NC residents add state & local sales tax:	
ORDER TOTAL	

ADAM & EVE PO BOX 900 DEPT. PH976 CARRBORO, NC 27510

credit card customers call 800-274-0333 24/7

Ask for
Dept. PH976

77 ADAMEVE on demand.com

PLUS get FREE video on demand minutes. Visit now to find out how.



REAR ACCESS

I've always been attracted to petite women. My last girlfriend was about five foot two and weighed no more than 100 pounds. She was the ultimate petite package, with a tight butt and firm tits, and she was a spinner—the kind of girl who could sit on your cock and easily turn from front to back without losing contact.

Sonia loved to fuck and suck, and she was the first woman to let me come in her mouth. She was always up for anything new. We spent many nights lying naked on my futon watching porn, and whenever the on-screen action looked interesting, we'd pause the DVD and try it out. Sometimes we paused so many times

that it took several nights for us to watch an entire movie. I used to tell her that she was the greatest fuck in the universe, although she never looked like she believed me.

One day she asked me what I wanted for my birthday. Sonia already knew that what I wanted more than anything was her tight ass; she wouldn't have asked if she wasn't

Cube after cube found their way into her hot snatch. Then she said it was her turn to try something.

ready to give it up. She wasn't an anal virgin—she'd admitted to having done the deed once with a previous boyfriend just to see what it felt like—but she'd never granted me access.

On the evening of my birthday, Sonia arrived at my place with a bottle of champagne and we immediately adjourned to the hot tub. I poured us each a glass and offered a toast: "Here's to my cock... in your ass!"

She grinned mischievously and sipped her champagne. As we slowly drained the bottle, my perverted mind went to work. I took an ice cube from the champagne bucket and quickly popped it into her pussy. She gasped as the cube melted, then laughed. I grabbed another and inserted it.

Cube after cube found their way into her hot snatch. Then she said it was her turn to try something. She told me to get up on my knees, then she started sucking my cock. While her tongue was doing a number on my rod, she grabbed a cube and rubbed it around my balls. Talk about a shock to the system! I looked down and saw my rock-hard cock glistening and sliding in and out of her mouth while steam rose from my balls as the ice melted. Not wanting to paint her tonsils with my first load of come, I asked her to stop when I had reached the brink.

Sonia got out of the tub, wrapped a towel around herself, and headed for the bedroom. I also grabbed a towel and hastily dried off before following her. When I reached the bedroom door, I stopped dead in my tracks. She was on the bed, lying on her belly, legs spread wide apart, with her asshole facing me. She was propped up on her elbows looking over her shoulder for my reaction. "Come and get it," she said, smiling.

Sonia looked so hot, I thought I'd come right then and there. I grabbed the lube, put some into her little starfish asshole, and slowly guided one finger in and out. After warning her, I added another. Once inside, I simply held them there, allowing her to adjust. When I felt her relax, I slowly slid them in and out for several minutes before adding a third digit.

When all three fingers glided easily in and out, I knew the time had arrived. I turned her over on her back and raised her legs up until her knees were on her chest. I positioned my cock at the rim and gently pushed forward while looking at the expression of pleasure on her face.

Once I was all the way in, I started fucking her with deep strokes. We did

Ask The Expert:



Steffanie Seaver

Dr. Steffanie Seaver Psy.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

Advertisement

**TRY VIVAXA™
FREE TODAY!**

And For a Limited Time, receive an additional \$200 in Free Gifts!
*See details below

How Much Does She Care About Your Size or Stamina?

You may be surprised by what this recent survey revealed!



Dear Steffanie,

I recently met a guy who I really think has potential to be THE one. Good looking, relatively intelligent, good job and pretty thoughtful when it comes to pleasing me. Here's the problem, he's sooooo hung up on the SIZE of his manhood. Actually, I wouldn't consider him BIG or small, but what he doesn't seem to get is that at least for me, what matters most is how LONG THE LOVIN' LASTS. Although I don't want to bruise his ego, I have to do something - I really want it to work with this guy. I've heard about a new product called VIVAXA that seems to be getting popular - do you know anything about it and how it works?

"Gotta Have More," Fl.

Dear Reader,

You're really onto something. Let me throw a few stats at you that most people don't know (especially MEN!):

1. About 1 out of every 2 men experience sexual stamina issues at some point in their lives.¹
2. A recent survey showed that 88% of the women polled were more concerned about SEXUAL STAMINA than they were with SIZE (you're not alone).²
3. On average it takes a woman 10-20 minutes to reach the BIG "O"; the average single male gets there in 7 minutes and a good percentage of men can't last more than 2 minutes after penetration.³

Men have been so trained to think that BIGGER is better, they've overlooked the most important thing to us ... GENTLEMEN, IF YOU WANT US TO KEEP COMING BACK, YOU HAVE TO BE ABLE TO LAST

Reader's Note:

VIVAXA uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first male delay/stamina lotion on the market designed to help soothe hyper-excitable skin, helping intimate sessions last longer. Order 2 tubes Risk-Free today and we'll throw in an additional **FREE SUPPLY of TRAVEL PACKS**. And **FOR A LIMITED TIME**, you can still receive an additional **\$200 in FREE GIFTS**. Check out VIVAXA by calling **1-800-903-1831** or visit **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com**. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO NEVER FORGET YOU!
Size is great, but without the STAMINA, it's simply never big enough. **HOWEVER**, if you've got the stamina to bring her to that ultimate satisfaction point, you'll always be big enough for her.

“ 88% of women are more concerned about your stamina in the bedroom. ¹ ”

Now, what to do about it. In my years of experience with interpersonal relationships, I've learned one thing - to solve an issue, you can't just harp on the problem - come to the table with a solution. And you have definitely found a solution. This product VIVAXA has been the subject of many a conversation between myself and colleagues. VIVAXA is made by the same folks that make Maxoderm, one of the most effective non-prescription products on the market for male enhancement, so you know the QUALITY is there.

When it comes to premature ejaculation, the MDs typically prescribe one of the anti-depressants on the market, which do seem to have a latency effect. But for the average "Joe" who doesn't have a true medical problem and just wants some help in the sexual stamina department, there's traditionally been very few non-prescription alternatives outside of numbing lubricants (quite honestly, it boggles my mind why anyone would want to be "numb" during the most naturally pleasurable experience we humans have).

Well I'm dialing in on this one and VIVAXA is the real deal. The scientists say that it's "sufficiently lipophilic upon application". Interpretation: unlike numbing lubricants, it

absorbs quickly, so it doesn't negatively affect the woman's experience. In fact it doesn't work by numbing at all. It works by soothing or CALMING HYPER-EXCITABLE skin to help EXTEND intimate encounters. Bottom line guys, you get to potentially stop worrying about being too excited that you won't last long enough for her to truly "remember" you. With Vivaxa, "SIZE" is no longer the star of the show. Sexual STAMINA on the other hand will always rule the day.

I never endorse a product that I haven't researched and I always try anything I recommend. Well my guy was really impressed with the feeling it gave him, and trust me, I wasn't complaining. Two thumbs up for this one.

The best way to get VIVAXA is to call **1-800-903-1831** or visit **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com**. I know they offer **RISK FREE TRIALS** and even give a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY of TRAVEL PACKS** (which are not only convenient, but are great for those "spur of the moment" encounters) with your phone or web order. Oh and best of all, VIVAXA is backed by a **90 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**. Don't let her doubt your staying power anymore. Call today to start experiencing longer-lasting intimacy.



1. Mark Jeffrey Noble, MD., (2005) "Premature Ejaculation", emedicine.com

2. 150 customers surveyed in accordance with Barmenssen Labs' Internal Compliance Initiatives.

3. Collins, Vanessa M.D., 2007. "Ask Dr. Collins", Planned Parenthood® Federation of America, Inc., www.plannedparenthood.org

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. The information featured above has been compiled from actual letters we've received from a few of our many satisfied customers. Customer testimonial results may not be typical. The pen name Dr. Steffanie Seaver is used for privacy purposes. All credentials are actual. Dr. Sovino is a compensated member of Barmenssen's Advisory Board. PENT0208

this for some time, and then she told me she wanted to switch positions. I grabbed her waist and helped her onto her knees without slipping out of her ass. I didn't know how much longer I'd last, so I took several deep breaths before I started thrusting again. Slow, deep strokes seemed to work at first, but then Sonia told me to rub her clit. As soon as I did, she moaned and started pushing back. She was meeting me stroke for stroke, driving me to the edge.

When Sonia's body began quivering, I exploded, and it was the sweetest orgasm I'd ever had. We both lay panting and sweating for several minutes until I slid out of her ass. Sonia wished me a happy birthday and pulled me in for a kiss.

That was the best night of my life. Sonia and I have gone our separate ways romantically, but we still keep in touch. I have a birthday coming up soon, and I'm thinking of asking Sonia if she'd like to give me a special present again.—C.R., Pennsylvania

SNEAK PREVIEW

Last summer, my husband Caleb and his friend Nathan were painting our garage. While they sweated it out in the heat, Nathan's wife Beth and I kept to the shade, drinking margaritas and watching our shirtless husbands work. Caleb and Nathan are both into bodybuilding, and Beth and I are really close and tell each other everything, so we're each aware that the other's husband is good in bed. In fact, we talk about our husbands so often that we'd finally decided to go ahead and swap—we just hadn't told them yet.

When we went inside to refill our drinks, I told Beth that I was getting excited just watching her husband and couldn't wait to fuck him.

"I'm feeling the same way about Caleb," she said, "and if things work out, maybe you and I can figure out a little something for the two of us."

I wasn't entirely shocked by Beth's suggestion. I'd been having similar thoughts about her. I asked Beth to tell me what she'd do with me. Beth said she'd go one better and give me a sample right then and there.

She backed me into the far corner of the kitchen, away from the patio door, and stood behind me. I had picked the perfect day to not wear a bra and panties—Beth pulled my shorts to my knees and reached under my top to caress my breasts. Then she brought her other hand between



my legs and drew her fingers along my already moist pussy before laying them against my throbbing clit.

"Oh, Beth! That feels so fucking good!" I moaned.

"Imagine how much more wonderful this would feel if it were my tongue," Beth whispered into my ear as she leaned her hips into my ass.

I felt so hot and wanted more, but just as Beth slipped a finger into my love hole, I looked out the window and saw Caleb heading toward the house.

Beth and I quickly separated and I pulled up my shorts just as Caleb came into the kitchen. I was afraid he'd notice my flushed face, but he went to the refrigerator and grabbed two beers. When Beth asked how much longer he and Nathan were planning on working, Caleb said about three or four more hours. Beth told him that she and I were going to do some shopping for dinner. Of course, at that moment, dinner was the last thing on our minds.

We drove to Beth's place, headed straight to the bedroom, and quickly took off our clothes. We fell onto the

bed together, kissing passionately as we used our fingers on each other's pussy. Feeling the softness and wetness of another girl surrounding my fingers was incredibly thrilling. But it was even more thrilling when Beth came and her warm juices spilled onto my fingers.

Then Beth went down on me with an incredible hunger that I had never experienced with my husband. She licked and sucked every inch of my quivering pussy, pausing only to tell me how delicious I tasted. She was relentless as she slipped her long tongue up into my love hole and rubbed my clit until I lost all control and experienced one of the most intense orgasms ever.

Not waiting to catch my breath, I quickly pulled Beth's twat to my mouth and had my first girl-girl sixty-nine. And I loved it!

Our love fest continued for more than two hours before we were both completely exhausted, but happily satisfied. We stopped, reluctantly, picked up pizza, and headed back to my place. Still basking in our private bliss, Beth and I waited another month to swap husbands. She and I couldn't get enough of each other.

On the night we finally swapped, it was even better than Beth and I had anticipated because we started off by letting Caleb and Nathan watch us together. We're all having such a good time together that I haven't had time to write another letter, but I assure you—you haven't heard the last of us!—S.C., Minnesota

I felt so hot and wanted more, but just as Beth slipped a finger into my love hole, I saw Caleb heading toward the house.

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

Reach nearly 3.5 million readers through our exclusive special advertising page. For information call Jack O'Neill at 212-702-6106 or email joneill@pmgi.com

MEN WANTED!



HEY GUYS!
MAKE \$\$\$ for
"SPECIAL SERVICES"
\$750 per week
possible. We provide
names, addresses and
photos. Send \$1 for
info to ROYCE (Attn.
Lori) 5152 Sepulveda
Blvd. #200-P5
Sherman Oaks, CA
91403-1154

on the web: www.royceorders.com

Height Increasing Shoes

CONSTEP™ height increasing shoes can make you 4.25" taller instantly. Hidden heel technology, just look like normal footwear. 100+ styles, from \$59.99.



Make you 4.25" taller instantly

1-888-786-6472 www.CONSTEP.com

INCREASE EJACULATE VOLUME

EXPERIENCE STRONGER ORGASMS

ROPEX, The original Swedish Ropes formula. Developed in Sweden in the mid 50's, the all natural Ropex formula has been recommended by European and Asian doctors for the improvement of sexual function. Used by over 5 million men worldwide as well as by pornstars to increase ejaculate volume, creating the ropes effect.

Order at: www.RopexUSA.com
or call toll free (888) 799-6979 (24/7)
Amex, MC, Visa, Discover and
checks by mail accepted. Send to: New Generation Labs
12905 S.W. 132 Street, Suite 4
Miami, FL 33186



1 Ropex: \$39.95+\$4.95 shipping = \$44.90
Special Offer: order 2 Ropex, receive 3 bottles!
\$79.90+\$5.95 shipping = \$85.85



Feeling a Little Off?

**VIAGRA® Cialis®
LEVITRA® Propecia®**

And More FDA-Approved Medications...

ORDER TODAY!

Se Habla Espanol

VIA MEDIC 800.251.1743

SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET

WWW.VIAMEDIC.COM

800.251.1743

CODE:PH08
**FREE
SHIPPING**



Free shipping offer for new U.S. orders only. Coupon expires 12-31-08

GET INSIDE PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE



Check out the latest online at
Inside Penthouse Magazine
Videos • Features • Special Offers
And, of course, our Penthouse Pets
Go to www.penthousemagazine.com

**Dr. Joel Kaplan's
FDA Registered
Penis Enlargement**

• Medical Vacuum Pump
• Gain 1-3" Permanently
• Viagra-Testosterone-Cialis

FREE Information

619-294-7777

WWW.GETBIGGERTODAY.COM



Exotic Retreat
All-Inclusive
Adult Vacation
with East
European
Girls

www.exoticretreat.net

**PENTHOUSE
MAILBAG**

To reserve your space, and for further
information call Jack O'Neill at 212-
702-6106 or email joneill@pmgi.com.

MY CELEBRATOR®
2sensualproducts.com



The World's Best
Vibrator Ever.
Orgasm Guaranteed!

MY CELEBRATOR®
complete comes with the
My Celebrator tip,
Motor Drive and batteries.
All for only \$35.00 + S/H



888-660-8811

essentials

① Wedge / Ramp® Combo

Perfect platter to serve up your holiday treats. New angles, new positions. **Free \$150 gift too!**



② Playful Restraints

Tempt, tease, entice. Ooh, the art of **anticipation**. Furnish your **fantasy** to orgasmic release.



③ Objects of Pleasure

These intimate offerings of bliss and buzz are the finest available. **Now 25% off!**



④ Lingerie & Dress Up

Burlesque to temptress. Couture lingerie in silk, leather, latex. See our steamy video review.

liberator.com
866-542-7283

Free Catalog

CARNAL SECRETS

The first time my sister Jessie came home from college, she brought her roommate, Brianna. Brianna was voluptuous and blonde with an amazing tan. She wasn't shy and she liked to party. If everything she said about herself was true, she also liked to fuck. I would have done anything to screw her. She was only a year older, but to her, I was just her roommate's kid brother.

The next time Jessie came home was during spring break. My parents were away on vacation, so Brianna stayed over the entire week, partying with Jessie. One night, Jessie and Brianna had gone bar hopping with some college friends. Jessie's boyfriend was going to meet up with them, and I'm sure Brianna was hoping to bring a guy back to the house and fuck his brains out.

I had my own plans for that night and headed to a party a few blocks away. Hours later, when the party started to die down, I headed back home. The house was dark, so I assumed the girls were still out. When I reached my room, I flicked on the light and found Brianna naked in my bed. Her legs were spread wide and she was rubbing her clit with one hand and squeezing her nipples with the other. She was so into it that neither the sudden light nor my presence caused her to miss a beat.

"Hey, Brianna," I said. "You're back early." I couldn't think of anything else to say. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Her body was everything I



imagined. Her tits were huge, she had a tiny patch of blonde hair between her smooth legs, and her toenails were painted red. Was this a belated Christmas gift?

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "Jessie's boyfriend is staying over and I didn't want to crash in your parents' room."

"No problem," I said as I closed the bedroom door and began pulling my clothes off. I was down to my briefs when I noticed Brianna was no longer looking me in the face. Her gaze had shifted downward to the obvious tent in my briefs.

"Drew, do you think you can keep a secret?" she asked.

"Of course," I said.

"I am so fucking horny right now that if you promise to keep your mouth shut, I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked by any of your girlfriends. I'll suck your cock. I'll let you lick my clit and suck my tits, and I'll even let you fuck me in the ass. So, can you keep a secret?"

"Brianna," I said, trying to sound as sincere as I could while removing my briefs, "I will take your secret to my grave."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now get over here," she said.

You don't have to ring the bell more than once for me to know dinner's ready. I went toward the bed and Brianna took hold of my cock, marveling at its thickness. She sat up, took the head in her mouth, and swirled her tongue around it, creating unbelievable sensations throughout my body. Then she took my entire length down her throat. She was really doing a number on my dick, but as awesome as it felt, I was dying to get a taste of her pussy. I pulled my swollen cock out of her mouth and joined her on the bed, pulling her on top of me in a sixty-nine. I licked up and down the length of Brianna's slit, eliciting a loud sigh from her. Using my thumbs, I opened her pussy and started tongue-fucking her.

By now, Brianna had taken my cock in her mouth again and was licking around it like it was an ice cream cone.

She sat up, took the head in her mouth, and swirled her tongue around it, creating unbelievable sensations throughout my body.

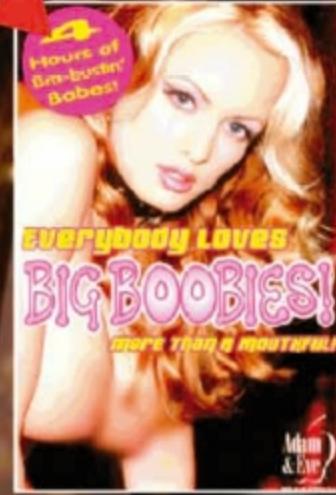
GET 5 EXPLOSIVE DVDS...

ABSOLUTELY

FREE!!

OVER 13 HOURS!!!

See 22 Busty Babes!
240 X-Rated Minutes!



It's MORE than you can handle!
84 X-Rated Minutes!



A \$150
VALUE!!

**Get 5 full-length feature DVD's-
You Just Pay Shipping & Handling**

METHOD OF PAYMENT

Item # 6330

Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, no cash or COD's)

CHARGE MY: VISA MC AMEX DISCOVER

ACCT. #

SIGNATURE

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT) I CERTIFY THAT I AM 18 OR OLDER.

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

ADAM & EVE PO BOX 900 DEPT. PH977 CARRBORO, NC 27510

credit card customers call 800-274-0333 24/7 Ask for
Dept. PH977



17 Scenes. 20 Angels. All ages!

240 X-RATED Minutes!



FULL of Fresh Faced Cuties!
116 X-RATED Minutes!

She started at the top, then once again deep-throated me, releasing me every now and then to lick my balls. As I got closer to coming, I wanted to make sure she hit the jackpot, too. Now, I know that the pussy gets all the good press, but when you play the asshole just right in conjunction with the pussy, you can hit a girl's pleasure center, sending spikes of ecstasy through her body. I lightly licked around Brianna's asshole while inserting my fingers inside her pussy. She purred in contentment. Using her juices to lubricate my fingers, I then moved my fingers to her back door. I slowly stuck my index finger up her ass and flicked my tongue over her clit. As I quickly moved my finger in and out of her asshole, I sucked harder on her clit. In seconds, Brianna started moaning and shaking as her orgasm ripped through her.

We were quiet for a few minutes, and I knew I shouldn't push my luck, but I couldn't stop myself. "You have no idea how much I've wanted—"

"Yeah. Listen, Drew," she said, cutting me off, "let's be real—I'm in college in Boston and you're here. Plus you're my best friend's younger brother, so why don't we just enjoy ourselves tonight?"

I couldn't hide my disappointment as I moved around to face her, but if this was it, I'd take what I could get. I pressed Brianna's huge tits together and stuck my cock between them, stroking in and out while Brianna licked the top whenever she could reach it. I rolled her over onto her stomach and spread her ass cheeks apart. Then I squeezed, kissed, and licked that magnificent ass up and down the crack, my fingers playing with her asshole.

"That's it," she said, her juices beginning to flow freely again. "Play with my asshole, baby, get it good and ready for your hard cock."

She rose to her knees and I rubbed my dick back and forth along her pussy, getting it wet. I pushed just the head of my cock into her asshole. She exhaled deeply as I slowly stuffed her with my entire length.

"Oh...my...God!" Brianna exclaimed. "That feels so...intense. Don't stop—fuck my ass faster!"

I drove my cock in and out of her harder as she had instructed.

"Yeah, that's it," she rasped.

We were both out of breath and Brianna's body glistened with a fine sheen of sweat from her exertion. Finally, I couldn't wait another minute,

and neither could she.

"I'm coming," I moaned.

"Give it to me," she gasped.

I felt my jizz shoot up my shaft like a missile leaving the silo.

I talked Brianna into taking a quick shower with me, and later that night, we fucked twice more. In the morning, we both acted like nothing had happened, but every time she stayed over after that first secret rendezvous, we hooked up for late-night sex.—*Via the Internet*

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121, M. Rothenberg, custodian of records. Date of publication: February 19, 2008



PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. MARCH 2008
 Volume 39, Number 7 Copyright © 2008 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of Penthouse Media Group Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Penthouse does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, nonuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—\$32 one year; Canada, \$56 one year (includes GST); elsewhere—\$56 one year. Single copies: \$7.99 (\$8.99 Sept., Dec., and Jan. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 2603 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito CA 94530. Tel. 510-237-4423. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.

PRINTED IN CANADA

Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaría de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaría de educación pública. 1279882

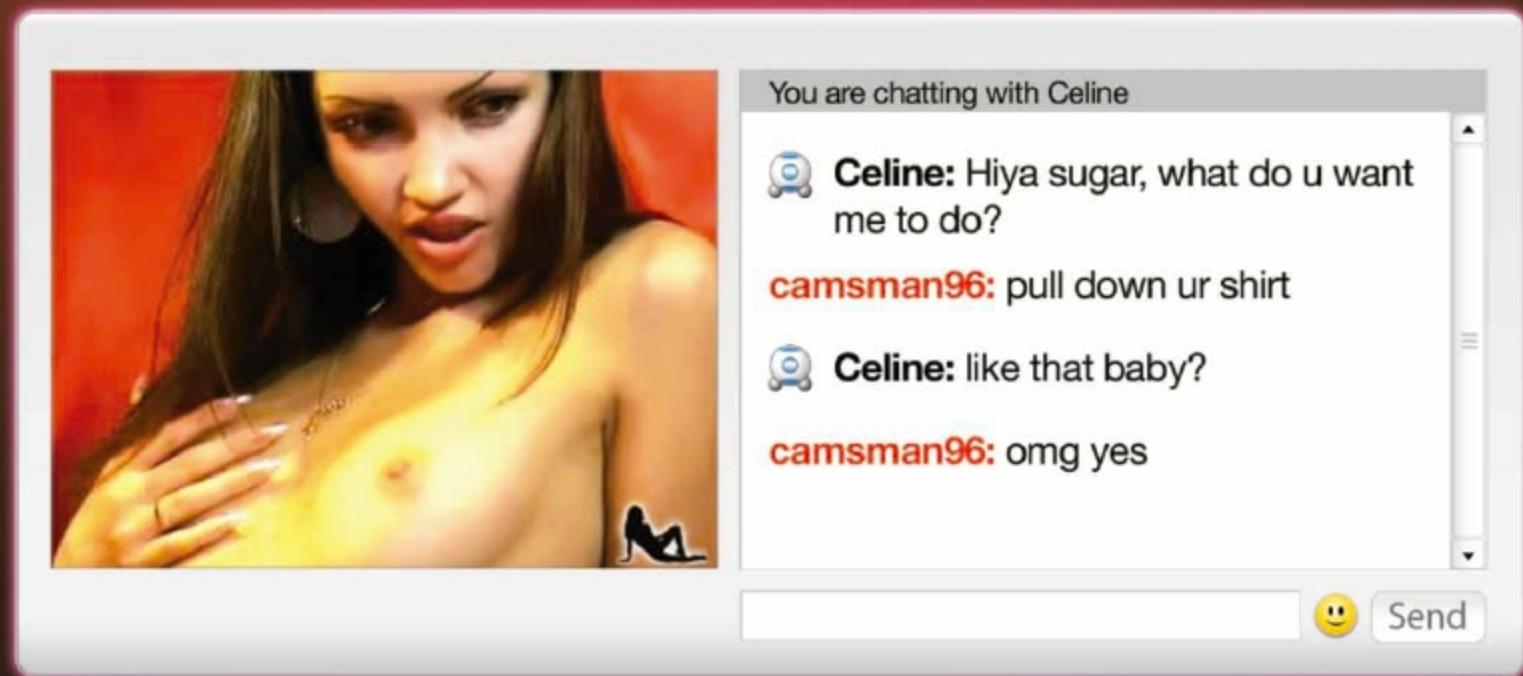
CALL THE PETS!

If you want to get to know Pet of the Month Bree Olson—or any of our Pets—call the Pet Hotline at 800-799-PETT (7388). Our vixens can't wait to tell you all about their lives and their fantasies. Callers must be 18 or older. Cost is \$1.99 to \$2.99/minute.

Penthouse.com has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, Penthouse videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and an archive of sexy letters from readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

Sex Chat with **PENTHOUSE CAMS** models

Thousands of sexy models are waiting to do anything you want in live video chat rooms
at **Penthousecams.com**



PENTHOUSE CAMS.COM

Join for free!

Grier portrayed a right-on soul sister, stickin' it to the Man and lookin' f-i-i-ne doing it.



Pam Grier

There was a time when Pam Grier's breasts should've been registered lethal weapons. And you could make a strong case that another essential element in her arsenal—that mighty Afro, which heightened her already imposing figure and sometimes concealed razor blades or a pistol—should've been, too. Yet Grier claims she didn't know she was a cult-film icon until Quentin Tarantino told her so. Such modesty from a woman who has played voodoo priestesses stalked by Blacula, invincible Nubian lesbian gladiatrixes, and Ayesa, the Panther Woman!

Between 1970 and 1976, Grier appeared in 25 grindhouse flicks, including a brief debut in Russ Meyer's camp classic *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and a flurry of pulse-quickening babes-behind-bars action. But she is best remembered for her blaxploitation movies, particularly *Coffy* and its flashier successor *Foxy Brown*. Grier's portrayal of a right-on soul sister stickin' it to the Man and lookin' f-i-i-ne doing it is etched as indelibly on the mantle of pop-culture history as is Richard Roundtree's *Shaft*. But could *Shaft* have maintained his cool while fixing a nip slip and blowing the head off a drug dealer?

Foxy Brown's opening reveals Grier's considerable charms. The credits roll, James Bond-style, over acid-colored silhouettes of a dancing woman. But here, Bond and Bond girl are the same: Grier does a butt-shaking shimmy that smoothly morphs into crane stance and roundhouse kicks. All eyes are drawn to the swell of her breasts, as if caught by their irresistible gravitational pull. The shot then cuts to a close-up of undulating cleavage spilling out of a bikini top. It's a KO in an all-out sorority-girl pillow fight.

Too black and too strong for Reagan-era prime time, Grier had to content herself with bit parts—until Tarantino cast her, at 48, in *Jackie Brown* (1997), his tribute to Grier and the films that influenced him. Her statuesque beauty and aloof dignity, which often held her above the violent squalor lapping at the hem of her Ultrasuede flares, had deepened with age like mellow Scotch. Grier is just as smoking hot wrapped in a terry-cloth robe as she once was in plunging halter tops. Is it any wonder she's now the best part of Showtime's *The L Word*? When it comes to Grier, the *L* stands for legendary, lustworthy, and (fully) loaded.

atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver
washington d.c.

What was the best dip of your life?

At my buddy's Vegas bachelor party.

Why?

Who's asking?



SKOAL
WELCOME TO THE BROTHERHOOD

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
IS NOT A SAFE
ALTERNATIVE TO
CIGARETTES

Every dip tells a story. And this one ain't talkin'.

Skoal Smokeless Tobacco | SkoalBrotherhood.com



©Trademark of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2007 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.